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McKean County Miner.

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MASONS ANNUAL BANQUET AT WRIGHT HOUSE

Followed by Pleasant Dancing Party at the Lyceum.

A DELIGHTFUL SOCIAL GATHERING.

Many Masons With Their Wives, Sweethearts, Mothers, Sisters, and Daughters Attend this Most Pleasant Social Gathering and Feast.

"It is always fair weather, when good fellows get together" seemed to be the case yesterday for the date of the Masonic banquet and dancing party marked the first really fair day we have had in May and in fact the first nice day we have had in a long time, and no one will deny that it was a grand gathering of good fellows of both sexes that got together at the Wright House and Lyceum last evening.

The hour set for this notable gathering was seven o'clock and by that time fully sixty men and as many ladies had gathered in the parlors of the Wright House. Shortly after seven o'clock the doors of the dining hall were thrown open and the merry party filed in and found places. The room and tables were tastily decorated and carnations were placed at each plate. The repast was one of Manager Sherburne's best efforts and everybody knows that Mr. Sherburne and his estimable wife always have the best there is in the market for their guests.

Chadwick's orchestra was stationed in the office and during the repast rendered sweet music. The following is the menu:

Celery Olives Pickles
Consomme
Steamed Fresh Salmon, Egg Sauce
Potato Chips
Roast Young Turkey, with Dressing
Boiled Ham
Mashed Potatoes Fancy French Beans
Fresh Sliced Tomatoes,
Mayonnaise Dressing
Strawberry Sundae. Angel Food
Cheese-Crackers
Fruit Coffee
Cigars

The happy party having satisfied the inner man, Toastmaster Charles W. Masser, the Worshipful Master of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., in a few well chosen words called upon Mr. D. C. Young to respond to "The Craft in the Holy Land." His address was extremely interesting, he having traveled in these lands, and being a student, was prepared to give a most valuable discourse on this subject.

The next gentleman called upon was Guy B. Mayo and his toast was, "Our Ladies." Guy is widely famed as an after-dinner speaker and when given such a beautiful subject it is not surprising that he surpassed all previous efforts.

"Reminiscences" was the toast assigned to Alvin B. Armstrong, who prepared an excellent paper which was read by William A. Audenried.

The presentation of the Jewel was assigned to Sheridan Gorton, who made a few remarks relative to the significance of the Jewel and presented it to Sandford L. Fry, past master of this lodge. Mr. Fry in accepting the token made a few appropriate remarks, after which a large portion of the party assembled adjourned to the Smethport Lyceum to spend the balance of the evening at dancing and cards.

It was a merry party at the Lyceum and the old as well as the young danced like children just out of school till a late hour, when they journed home pretty well tired out but feeling that this had been one of the most successful entertainments ever given by McKean Lodge.

Meeting of Councils.

The borough councils met in regular session on Monday evening and among the matters of importance a new sidewalk ordinance was passed. This ordinance provides that no walks shall be built of other material than cement or stone and that no walks shall be put down without a permit in writing from the members of the sidewalk committee and that the building of all walks shall be under the supervision of the council.

The question of buying new hose for the Fire Department was brough up and discussed at length. Every member of council realizes the necessity and favors buying new hose but there seems to be some difference of opinion as to what quality and the number of feet that is necessary. The meeting was adjourned until Tuesday evening when the matter was again taken up and after considerable debate it was decided to take another adjournment until next Monday evening in order that the best results might be obtained. It is the intention of the council to decide on what they want and authorize the purchase of at least 1500 feet of hose at the meeting next Monday night.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

Mrs. Lester Norton Expired During Last Friday Night.

The lifeless body of Mrs. Lester Norton was found in her bed at the County home by the nurse last Saturday morning, she having expired sometime during the night.

Mrs. Norton was not a county charge but had been brought to the County home from her home in Farmers Valley a few weeks ago, that she might be near her attending physician and have more watchful care without too great an expense to her family. Two years ago she lost her eyesight, presumably from some nervous disorder and although the best oculists in the country were consulted, her sight could not be restored. This so preyed upon her mind that her nervous system became completely wrecked and she has been in a semi-conscious state most of the time since last November. A short time ago she thought she was regaining her eyesight and this so encouraged her that she commenced to improve but it was only for a short time. The immediate cause of her death is thought to have been paralysis. She was thirty-four years of age.

Miss Mary McGill was born in Farmers Valley, April 23, 1875, and when she finished in the common schools attended and graduated from the Lock Haven State Normal School. She afterwards taught school in East Smethport and in the Smethport High School. About four years ago she was married to Lester Norton and resided on the farm of her parents until she was brought to Smethport for treatment. One child, a little girl about one year old, blessed their union, who with her husband and one sister and five brothers survive to mourn her loss.

The deceased was a woman of excellent traits of character, a kind and loving disposition and that winning way which inspired trust, love and respect by all who knew her. She bore her misfortune bravely and her one great hope was that she might sufficiently regain the power of sight that she might see her baby, but that was never to be.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church Monday morning at nine o'clock, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

THE RECENT FLOOD.

It Wrecked the Potato Creek Bridge on the K. & S. R. R. and did Other Damage.

The heavy fall of snow last Thursday morning followed by the incessant rains of Thursday and Friday caused one of largest floods we have had in this section in years. Several men who keep records of the high waters say that this was the highest we have had since the Johnstown flood and would have been higher had there been the same number of logs and booms in the streams to hold back the water.

The most serious damage done in this immediate vicinity was the undermining and destruction of the concrete abutments of the iron bridge across Potato creek on the Keating and Smethport railroad, which puts that road out of commission until the abutments can be rebuilt. When the bridge was built the spans were so close together that there was not sufficient space for the water in case of a big flood and when this freshet came something had to give to make room for it.

The abutments were damaged Thursday night and Friday morning the train known as the "Merry Widow" ran to Ooryville over the P., S. & N. tracks, and since that time has been quartered at East Smethport when not making the runs to Larabee and return. This makes it necessary for the bus to make regular trips to these trains.

The other damage done by the flood in this vicinity was slight. Many people living on the flats were practically hemmed in on Friday and Saturday and the water came into some of the houses, causing much inconvenience but little loss.

Died of Tuberculosis.

Frederick W. Abendroth, a well-known glass bottle blower of this place, died at his home on Willow street, last Friday night after a lingering illness from tuberculosis. He was aged about 39 years.

The deceased came to this place about 8 years ago and had been employed in the glass bottle factory from that time until the fire went out last June. About two years ago tuberculosis developed and he gradually grew worse until the end. Last fall he was unable to go to work and a little later he went to Mt. Alto for treatment but the disease was so advanced that he was pronounced past help and he returned home.

He was survived by a wife and four children. His former home was in Philadelphia and his remains were taken to that city for burial on Saturday.

"Fritz" Abendroth as he was familiarly called was a whole souled, genial dispositioned man who had many friends who will mourn his demise and sympathize with his grief-stricken family in their bereavement.

MT. JEWETT WINS CONTEST.

Defeated Smethport in the Literary Contest by a Score of Four to One.

The members and friends of the Mt. Jewett High School were highly pleased last Friday night when they learned that they had defeated Smethport in the literary contest by a score of four to one and they are the ones who will contest for the cup against Kane at the teachers' institute to be held this fall.

Both teams had been working hard for several weeks and were prepared for the contest. The Mt. Jewett team came down in the morning prepared to do their best and later trains brought many of their friends to cheer them on to victory or defeat. By eight-thirty the auditorium was well filled and a more noisy crowd it would be hard to find. The high school rooters from both towns were there with the goods and the noise.

The first on the program was the essay, "The Swedish American Citizen" was given by Miss Adina Olsson of Mt. Jewett and the topic of Miss Katherine Mayo's theme was "The Olympic Games." Both handled their subjects in an almost perfect manner and all were in doubt as to what the decision would be until after the contest was all over and the decision of the judges was announced. Then it was learned that Miss Olsson had won by a very narrow margin.

After the "Revel of the Leaves," was rendered by the High School chorus, the recitation was announced, "The Soul of the Violin" was rendered by Miss Florence Parsons of Mt. Jewett and "Her First Call on the Butcher" was recited by Miss Theo Freeman. Miss Freeman was the winner of this contest.

Then came the oration, Harold Gahagan's subject was "Conservation of Our National Resources" and Paul Apple's was "Work," Mr. Gahagan of Mt. Jewett won this point.

The boys glee club sang "Marching," by Nervin and then came the debate: "Resolved That the Evils of Emmigration Since the Year 1890 Have Been Greater Than its Benefits to the People of the United States." Miss Grace Cleveland and Clyde Long of Mt. Jewett had the affirmative and Walter Apple and J. Donald Hogarth the negative, and the result was in favor of Miss Cleveland and Mr. Long, they receiving two points more than their opponents out of a possible hundred.

The male quartette then rendered a "Chilly Serenade" and the decision of judges was announced. No one has any kick to offer and altho the contest was unusually close in the workings on all of the points all join in congratulating Mt. Jewett on its victory.

After the crowd commenced to disperse, the seats and canvas floor covering was removed and a large crowd danced to the inspiring strains of Chadwick's orchestra until nearly one o'clock when the visitors departed for their homes on a special train over the Kushequa Route.

FOUR SMALLPOX CASES.

They Are Under Treatment Near Eldred—A Genuine Scare Started.

Eldred, Pa., May 3.—Eldred has a smallpox scare. There are four cases of the disease hereabouts and hundreds of persons have been exposed to possible infection. Dr. Frank Royer of Harrisburg, of the State Board of Health, Dr. W. C. Hegan of Bradford, local representative of the State Board, and Drs. Harler and McLean of Eldred have been investigating matters in this vicinity and according to their diagnosis there are four cases of smallpox to be treated at Bullis Mills and Duffeytown, near this borough.

To-day fully 100 persons have been vaccinated.

Samuel Rice of Ashtabula, O., came to this section on April 10. He had not been feeling well and there were eruptions on his face. He was a guest at the home of a relative, Ellison Rice at Duffeytown. He also visited at the home of another relative, Samuel Johnson, in the vicinity, and then returned to his home in Ohio. Both Rice and Johnson now have smallpox—in a mild form, however. Both men have been round among the people. A funeral took place from the Johnson residence some days ago and many people attended. Last Saturday Mr. Rice attended a dancing party. Hence the alarm hereabouts as to possibilities of infection.

Mr. and Mrs. William Grangler also have smallpox. They are neighbors to the other parties named. Three houses have been placed under quarantine regulations.

Among those who attended the funeral referred to were several persons from East Smethport. Vaccination is likely to boom near the county seat also. Efforts will be made to check the spread of the disease and all possible precautions will be taken with that end in view.

I wish to thank Dr. McAlpine of this place for courtesies extended, in offering the use of his office to me, owing to my loss in the late fire.

F. C. PIERCE.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PROSPECTS LOOK BRIGHT FOR NEW ROADS

Application Made for State Aid by Smethport and Keating Twp.

UP TO THE STATE TO ACT NOW.

Every Effort Will be Made to Get State Aid as Soon as Possible—Will be An Excellent Thing—for Whole Community.

Last Saturday the borough council of Smethport and the supervisors of Keating township made a formal application to the State Highway Commissioner for State aid building macadamized or brick roads in this vicinity and it is understood that the changes are good that the request will be granted in the near future.

It has taken a long time to get everything in readiness for this application, owing to the financial condition of the borough and township, but the taxpayers begin to realize that the best way to get in good shape financially is to cut down the continual expense of temporary road building and the best way to do this is to put in a little more money and build roads that will stay built, and not be a constant drain on the treasury of the borough or township.

Now it will be necessary to have maps and plans drawn of the road which they wish to have improved and forward them to the state highway department. As soon as this is done the application will be filed and when our turn comes the state will lend its aid in building such roads.

Of course there is nothing certain as to just when this request will be granted, but some gentlemen most deeply interested in the project have been assured by the Highway Commissioner that our claim would not be delayed long after all the papers were properly filed.

This is a step in the proper direction and we sincerely hope that the work may be commenced this year. We feel certain that after we once get a few miles of macadam road in this vicinity the taxpayers will not let up until all the most traveled roads in the township are properly improved with macadam or brick.

A Letter From Idaho.

Buhl, Idaho, April 17, 1909.

EDITOR MINER:—

I live in Buhl, Idaho, and am a student in the Public Schools of this place. I am going to give you some facts about the town. Buhl is located on the Great Twin Fall Canal System, at the end of the seventy-five mile branch of the Oregon Short Line Railroad. When the Branca project is added to the system Buhl will be in the very heart of the largest irrigation system on earth. This is a Snake River water right, the seventh, largest river in the United States, and this inspires an abundant supply of water now and for the future. About $30,000,000 have been spent in making canals and reservoirs.

The climate is pure and dry, winters mild and short, about three hundred days of sunshine the year round. If you want to live where neither cyclones, floods nor blizzards are known, you would better come to Idaho.

The best schools in the United States are found in Idaho. Buhl has a $35,000 school building nearly completed.

There is wonderful scenery in and around Buhl. Not far away is Shoshone Falls, next to the largest falls in the United States. From Shoshone Falls the towns obtain all electric power for electric lights, street cars, etc. And there is other scenery, such as Thousand Springs, Milner Dam, Blue Lakes and Hot Springs.

I will now mention a few facts about farming. Nowhere will you find the soil more productive than on the Twin Falls tract, it is free from alkali and mineral substance. And it grows a variety of crops, some of which are wheat, oats, corn, alfalfa, red clover, timothy, potatoes and vegetables. You can raise from thirty to fifty bushels of wheat an acre, oats from fifty to seventy-five bushels an acre, alfalfa is cut three times in a season and it makes about eight tons an acre, potatoes yield from two hundred fifty to three hundred bushels to the acre.

This is an ideal fruit country. Young orchards are being planted as fast as the ground can be prepared. Millions of trees will be planted within the next few years.

Come and select your land now while the price is still reasonable. If you want a home and want to make money, come to Southern Idaho—come to Buhl.

Yours truly,
ROSIE JOHNSON.

Age 13, grade 6.

Fence Posts for Sale.

Good second growth chestnut, 12 cts. each, delivered.

JAMES QUIRK.

Prohibition Convention.

The county convention of the Prohibition party was held last Friday afternoon in Salvation Army hall, Bradford. S. M. Love of Rixford was chosen as temporary chairman and Paul P. Lyon as temporary secretary, after which the following committees were appointed:

Credentials, S. M. Love, and Paul P. Lyon; finances, Geo. V. Thompson, Mt. Jewett, B. N. McCoy, Kane; John H. Hooper of Row; resolutions, Dr. A. McAlpin and H. Spangler of Bradford, David McCalmont of Franklin; organization, Paul P. Lyon, John H. Hooper and S. M. Love.

The permanent organization of the committee was effected by the election of Howard L. Spangler as county chairman and P. P. Lyon as secretary. S. M. Love made a report of the work accomplished during his term of office and State Chairman David McCalmont made an eloquent address.

The finance committee reported the adoption of a plan by which $1,000 is to be raised for campaign expenses. One-half of the amount was subscribed.

The following delegates and alternates were selected to attend the state convention to be held in Pittsburg in September:

Delegates, E. K. Kane, Kushequa; S. M. Love, Rixford; P. P. Lyon, Bradford; Dr. T. L. Kaup; Geo. V. Thompson, Mt. Jewett; W. H. Dennis, Bradford; H. R. Hilton, Port Allegany; Victor Engstrom, Smethport; W. F. Burr, Eldred. Alternates, Mrs. E. K. Kane; M. C. Field, Port Allegany; B. N. McCoy, Kane; E. M. Hotchkiss, Bradford; A. J. Cooper, Bordell; C. J. Wickham, Derrick City; H. L. Spangler, Bradford; L. L. Mitchell, Mt. Jewett; J. C. Young Degolia.

An executive committe was appointed as follows: H. L. Spangler, P. P. Lyon, Geo. V. Thompson, E. K. Kane, W. H. Dennis, B. N. McCoy and H. R. Hilton.

The following resolutions were adopted by the convention:

"We, the Prohibition party of McKean county, in convention assembled this 30th day of April, A. D. 1909, recognizing Almighty God as the rightful source of all just power, do hereby declare our principals as follows:

"First, we endorse the national and state platforms of the Prohibition party in 1908.

"Second, we call special attention to the fact that as long as the temperance forces remain divided in the Republican and Democratic parties, permanent success is well nigh impossible and we accentuate the necessity of all opponents of the liquor traffic uniting in the Prohibition party to enact and enforce state and national prohibition.

"Third: the attention of statesmen and politicians everywhere is engaged for and against the abolition of the liquor traffic until it is at last recognized as the greatest issue now before the people for settlement. Hard times prevail in McKean county and elsewhere in license territory while there are good times in every prohibition state. The removal of the liquor traffic would mean a gain of $5,000 to the community for each and every saloon now in McKean county, together with added security, happiness and self-respect.

"Fourth, we call attention to the clean record of Hon. H. R. Hilton, elected last year to the assembly on our ticket and also by the united effort of the friends of temperance. To prove the unselfish sincerity of our purpose to unite all temperance forces we supported the legislative candidates of the Local Option league. Had the issue been squarely before the prohibitory law instead of a local option law, far greater success would have crowned the efforts. We ask the temperance forces to remain united and to support prohibition candidates on a prohibition ticket, thus laying the foundation for a prohibition legislature in 1910."

State Chairman McCalmont delivered an address in the evening which was listened to by a good sized audience. He spoke on straight prohibition as compared with local option and high license.

Served Them Right.

Half a score of laborers working on the Pennsylvania tunnel at Hoboken, N. J., incensed at what they thought was a vicious assault upon a lone woman, last Thursday captured and beat three vaudeville performers, who had been hired by a moving picture concern to pose for a realistic abduction film.

The moving picture concern hired a carriage in Hoboken. The ride in the carriage occupied by the three men and lone woman ended about a mile out in the country where the laborers caught sight of the woman and saw her attacked by the men. They went to the rescue and forcibly carried the woman to safety. When the air cleared, the three moving picture actors lay in the road unconscious.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

PLANS OF P., S. & N.

They are Ready for Business—Office at Eldred.

The Eldred Eagle says: All doubts as to the probabilities of the P., S. & N. railroad building the link from White House to Coryville, are removed by the activity they are displaying. The stretch of road is estimated at nine eleven miles and it is believed it will cost over $20,000 per mile to build which with other expense, will mean probably an expenditure of over $300,000. If but a small precentage is kept here it will mean a neat amount. The front room upstairs in the Wehman building, on Main street have been rented and will be used as offices for the company. The representative of the company seeking the rights of way, is said to be up against some rather high demands on the part of land owners along the route. The supervisors have arranged satisfactory terms for crossing the highways. At Bouton's bridge, a large section of the hill will be cut off and the highway put through at that place. A depot will probably be located near the Knapps creek bridge, making it about ten minutes walk from town. S. W. Emery, of Big Run, will have charge of the local office. H. S. Wilgus of Angelica, was here Monday, and Messrs. V. T. Wise, W. R. Harvey and S. O. Woods are here this week looking after business connected with the line.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., May 5.—Though the products of the industries of Pennsylvania are being more radically revised than those of any other section, there is still hope for Pennsylvania manufacturers in the fact that it is the only state that will have two members of the conference committee, which will put the finishing touches on the new tariff bill. After house and senate have moulded the schedules, each to its liking it remains for the conferees to bring about the compromises and concessions by which the differences between the two branches are harmonized. Representative Dalzell, as second member of the ways and means committee, and Senator Penrose, as third member of the finance committee, are certain to be among the conferees. Thus the interests of Pennsylvania will be well cared for.

It is probable that the conference committees will consist of eight members from each branch, five republicans and three democrats. Ordinarily each branch appoints three conferees and in the case of abnormal bills, the number is sometimes increased to five. President Taft is said to favor a large conference committee, that the west may be well represented.

It is possible that the house conferees may be Chairman Payne and Representatives Dalzell, Pennsylvania; McCall, Massachusetts, or Hill, Connecticut; Bonteil, Illinois, and Fordney, Michigan. The democratic conferees presumably will be Representatives Clark and Underwood, if two only are chosen, and Griggs of Georgia if three democrats are chosen.

The question of western representation with also both the low in the finance committee is presentation. The first five members of the committee are Chairman Aldrich of Rhode Island, and Senators Burrows of Michigan, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Hale of Maine, and Cullom of Illinois. It is not believed that Senator Cullom would care to serve on the conference committee, and with Senators Aldrich, Penrose and Hale representing the eastern section there probably would not be much change for Senator Lodge of Massachusetts being named; hence opportunity would be given for one of three western senators, McCumber of North Dakota, Smoot of Utah and Flint of California. Chairman Aldrich is desirous that Mr. Smoot be one of the conferees. The three democrats to go on the senate end of the conference will doubtless be Senator Daniel of Virginia, Money of Mississippi and Bailey of Texas.

Changes in P., S. & N. R. R. Passenger Schedule.

Commencing Monday, May 3rd, P., S. & N. R. R. train No. 12 will leave Smethport 8:33 a. m., arriving Olean 9:35, making connections at Larabee with P. R. R. No. 59, arriving Buffalo 12:20 p. m. A second train, No. 2, leaving Brookville 8:23 a. m. will leave Smethport 1:48 p. m., arriving Olean 3:00 p. m., making connections at Larabee with P. R. R. local train No. 48, arriving Buffalo 5:45 p. m., or, if preferred passengers can leave Smethport 1:48 p. m., arrive Olean 3:00 p. m. and then travel to Buffalo on P. R. R. "Flyer," leaving Olean 3:57 p. m., arriving Buffalo 7:45 p. m. Train No. 2 also connects at Prosser with P., S. & N. train for Hornell, Wayland and intermediate points.

Coming south trains will leave Olean 10:35 a. m. and 4:40 p. m., arriving Smethport 11:55 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. The train out of Olean at 10:35 a. m. will arrive St. Marys 2:30 p. m., leaving at 2:50, arriving Brookville 3:40 and Ramsaytown at 5:55 p. m. This train also connects at Larabee with P. R. R. train No. 54, leaving Buffalo at 9:00 a. m.

For further information call on or address any P., S. & N. R. R. agent.

The Purple Comet.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Mrs. Osmond emerged from the milliner's abstractedly buttoning her glove. She crossed the pavement and entered a small electric brougham which was waiting at the curb.

"Home," she said to the chauffeur as he closed the door.

In an instant they were gliding up the avenue. As they threaded the maze of vehicles crowding its length Alicia Osmond leaned against the cushions and closed her aching eyes.

The glare and bustle of the busy streets had tired her already over strung nerves. She felt a sense of grateful relief when they entered the quieter uptown district.

The gentle motion of the car lulled her into somnolence. She must have dozed. When she finally roused it was to glance from the window with a little exclamation. They had left the city streets and were in the open country. The car bowled along the old post road, with occasional glimpses of the blue waters of the sea between the bare branches of the trees.

A glance at the leather cased clock added to her astonishment. The hands pointed to 1 o'clock. It had been 11 when she entered the brougham!

She signaled to the chauffeur. To her amazement he did not respond. His great square back partially blocked the window. The collar of his coat was turned up about his ears and met the cap, pulled well down on his head. With gauntleted hands grasping the steering wheel and eyes set straight in front, the man seemed oblivious to his surroundings.

Alicia rose and was thoroughly frightened. Could it be possible that her chauffeur had suddenly been bereft of reason, and that he was carrying her no one knew whither? She leaned forward and rapped desperately on the plate glass with her silver perfume case.

"Stevens!" she called sharply. The only response was the increased speed of the car. She called again and again, but received no reply. At last she sank back on the cushions with real alarm.

After awhile she calmed herself and looked eagerly from the window. Help might be hoped for at another swift passage through a village, but their speed was unchecked. On the hedge trees and dwellings were carried past in rapid succession.

She recognized [illegible] now they were near [illegible]. Her lips quivered, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Dreadful had been her home and Norman's ever since their marriage, but since their serious quarrel and the final separation which had followed she had taken the town house, and Norman had disappeared quietly from his accustomed haunts—gone to Europe, said the gossips.

The sight of the familiar country gave her a sharp pang that made her forget her anxiety over her strange predicament of the moment. A hot sense of grief overwhelmed her again, as it had overwhelmed her many, many times in these past sad weeks. As soon as her first unreasonable anger had vanished she had known poignantly that her quarrel with her husband had been a mistake. She felt with bitter woe and passionate self reproach that she loved him—loved him more than all the world.

The brougham whizzed on desperately, but she did not notice it. She was sobbing stormily and calling for him who was far away. How good Norman had always been to her! Everything she had wished for had been hers. The automobile in which she rode had been his last present to her.

"The Purple Comet, darling," he had announced, laughing his great, boyish laugh as he indicated the car with a sweep of his hand. The thought brought her back with a start to her situation.

At the instant it dawned on her that there was something unfamiliar about

THE SOFT CLOSING OF THE DOOR CAUSED HER TO LIFT HER HEAD.

the car. There were the fittings of cream leather and purple velvet, but the clock! The gold monogram beneath its enamelled face bore the initials "B. C." instead of "A. L. O."

In place of the purple velvet cushions on which her feet were wont to rest there was a white fur rug.

The machine was not the Purple Comet!

It was so like her own that she could see how she had made a mistake. But where was the strange chauffeur taking her?

She glanced from the window and uttered an almost hysterical cry. They had turned into the elm avenue which led to Fernclift, and now the long, low front of the closely shuttered house confronted her.

They drew up under the wide porte cochere, and she saw the grave face of old Angus, the butler, peering down from the gloom of the doorway. With a little sob she alighted and was standing beside Angus before the chauffeur descended from his seat.

Alicia was frightened and bewildered. In her agitation she could think of nothing. The old butler greeted her with a puzzled glance, stepped aside, bowing low, and she entered the door and walked into the library.

"Mr. Osmond is not at home, is he?" she asked, with a frightened look at the old servitor.

"No, madam."

"But you are keeping the house open?" she asked, wondering meantime how she could explain her arrival.

"Mr. Osmond," replied the butler, "ordered us to keep the house in readiness. He thought he might be home any time, I suppose."

Alicia's eyes were bright with tears. "That is all. You may go now, Angus," she said kindly.

When she was alone she laid her head on the broad arm of the huge leather covered chair beside her own. It had been Norman's favorite seat, and the very touch of it seemed to bring him nearer to her. She was crying again when the soft closing of the door caused her to lift her head.

She sprang to her feet and confronted the muffled figure of the chauffeur who had so strangely driven her down to Fernclift.

Before she could dash away her tears the man had removed his cap and goggles and flung aside his coat. She saw before her the haggard face and miserable eyes of her husband.

"Norman!" she whispered faintly. "You?"

"I want you," he said deliberately, standing with tightly folded arms—"I want you, Alicia. I cannot live without you. You belong to me."

"I am so glad," she breathed softly. "I have wanted you, Norman. It has been such a horrible mistake all around, and I have been so unhappy."

"So have I," he said bitterly as he took her in his arms. "The next time we disagree over any matter it will be a case for arbitration—eh, darling? Not the bitter punishment of separation."

When Alicia had sobbed herself into peace she asked for an explanation. "Where did you come from, and where is the Purple Comet? And everything is so mixed up today."

"I have been watching and waiting," said Norman, blushing a little, "I felt sure, darling, that you did not hate me. This morning I drove Barbara Chaplin in her new purple car, the one outside, a duplicate of the Purple Comet. When you came out of the shop your own man had gone around the block. You walked deliberately into the Chaplin's machine and I couldn't resist the temptation to run away with you."

"And Barbara Chaplin—what will she think about her car?" asked Alicia wonderingly.

"She is probably still trying on bonnets, or perhaps she has annexed the Purple Comet and gone home."

"Norman Osmond, did you bribe Stevens to drive around the block?" demanded Alicia, looking into her husband's happy eyes.

Osmond laughed happily. "I will confess that the immaculate Stevens is not above corruption," he admitted.

"You will stay with me, Alicia?" he asked again after a long while.

"Dear, I never want to go away. I would rather be with you than anywhere else in the world," she said brokenly.

"Then it will be all right with us after this," he said. "Let us light a hearth fire, Alicia. We must never let it go out again."

THE LANDLORD'S MISTAKE.

An American's Experience in an English Country Inn.

An American was journeying through England and encountered in a certain town a rather pretentious inn, at which he ordered turbot, a favorite dish in those parts.

The American had had a few days of dense fog, and his appearance and manner perhaps showed that he had become a little wheezy in consequence of the climate. He was indeed forced to have frequent recourse to his handkerchief.

When the turbot was brought the guest fancied, even before it reached his plate, that it was no longer fresh, and an attempt to eat it confirmed that impression. He called the proprietor, who at once sent a waiter for fresh turbot and removed the objectionable dish.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the innkeeper, "but we got the idea, sir, as you came in that you 'ad a bad cold in your 'end, sir."

"And suppose I had? What could that have to do with my being served spoiled fish?" demanded the indignant traveler.

"Heverythink, sir. We 'as this rule in this 'ouse: Fish as is a leetle doubtful, like that 'ere, sir—them which 'as lost the flavor of youth, as I may say—them we serves to parties as appears to 'ave colds in their 'eads, sir, and we finds that, bein' as such parties can't smell nothink, they likes the fish just as well, sir, and often they prefers 'em."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Preparing an Alibi.

If culture remains confined within the splendidly bound volumes of the new library that has just been bought by a New Yorker it will not be the fault of the rich man's secretary. He is doing everything he can to let it loose.

"I am cutting the leaves in all the books," he said. "The chances are nobody belonging to the family will ever look inside these books, but the book has friends who may go snooping around through the library sometimes. In case they do he doesn't want them to gain the impression that literature is neglected in this house, so I am making sure that they will at least find the leaves cut."—Exchange.

The Finest City in Great Britain.

Edinburgh may be noted for its learning and for beauty of situation. Dublin may rank as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Oxford may boast its colleges and Canterbury its picturesque streets and grand old cathedral, but London stands supreme—the finest city of Great Britain.—London Captain.

A Very Restful Rest.

Adolf Menzel, the German artist, was at one time engaged on a mural decoration. He had rigged up a scaffolding in his studio, on which his model was requested to stand. For two long hours the poor poseur stood up aloft in a most fatiguing posture. Menzel in the meantime worked at his sketch, heedless of the fact that his model was growing tired.

At length the model found it necessary to speak. "Herr professor," said he, "how about a recess?"

Menzel apologized profusely for his forgetfulness. "Certainly, certainly, my dear sir," said he. "Come down and rest yourself a bit."

The model had clambered from the scaffolding to the ladder, which led down from it to the studio floor.

"Stop!" cried the artist suddenly. "That pose is fine! Don't move a muscle!"

And once more the model was forced into strained rigidity, while the enthusiastic draftsman set about sketching him.

At the end of half an hour Menzel looked up from his work. "There," said he; "that will do nicely! Get back on the scaffold. We have had our rest. Let us get back to work again."

What the model said is left to the reader's imagination.

What Might Happen.

Lord Blessington, the husband of the celebrated Countess of Blessington, had a horror of a draft. He was able, Count d'Orsay used to declare, to detect a current of air caused by the key being left crossways in the keyhole of the door. He and his wife and a youth were one day walking on the banks of the Thames. The boy, skipping backward and forward, went several times dangerously close to the edge of the bank.

"Take care! Take care!" cried Lord Blessington, exhibiting a degree of solicitude most unusual where another person was concerned. "For heaven's sake, mind what you are about, boy, or you'll certainly fall into the river!"

After two or three repetitions of his alarm in this fashion for the bad lady Blessington, losing patience, said: "Oh, let the boy alone. If he does fall into the water, he swims like a fish."

"Yes, yes," said his lordship in injured tones, "that's all very well, but what about me? I shall catch my death of cold drying him in the carriage with him."

Kept Its Promise.

Chief—Since Pat got his auto Pat paid over a thousand dollars in fines.

Secretary—Well, didn't the agent tell you it was a one cylinder?—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Hazy Term Defined.

Miss Eggleart—Jack, what do they mean when they speak of a first water diamond?

Jack—I'm not—er—sure, but I think it means one that—um—er—one fresh from the mine—never been worked, you know.

Serious.

"She says there is only a platonic friendship."

"Then why has she begun to take cooking lessons?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quality is like a flower, looks lost in confusion. Bring it into the glare of publicity and it loses color.—Exchange.

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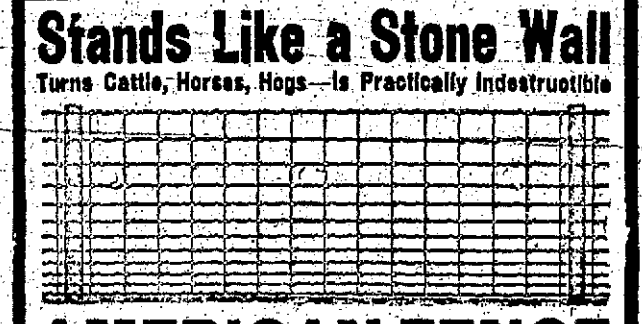

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 6, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—License court next Monday.

—Read Daly & Garlick's new advertisement.

—C. A. Johnson, who has been living in Ridgway for some time, has returned to Smethport.

—Kane is going to celebrate the Fourth of July. Is Smethport going to do anything along those lines?

—It is reported that there will be a fight against granting some of the licenses in Port Allegany next week.

—It is said that a great many wild ducks were on Potato creek between here and Coryville on Friday and Saturday.

—W. H. Hungerford & Co. have a new building erected on the site where their liquor store burned down and are doing business at the old stand.

—Miss Hattie Breheman, aged 23 years, and a teacher in the Kane schools died at that place on Saturday, the cause of her demise being tuberculosis.

—On Tuesday of last week the citizens of Mt. Jewett tendered Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Burdick a farewell reception and presented them with a handsome travelling bag and many good wishes.

—The Alton Jordon farm of 100 acres, located three miles from Friendship, N. Y., was sold on Saturday through the Herrick Agency to Charles Howbridge of Dunkirk, N. Y., who will take possession next fall.

—The "Sweet Fiddler," late of the Devil's Elbow, was one of the worst flood sufferers that has come to our notice. He was marooned for two days on the dry side of Potato creek, and his sufferings can better be imagined than described.

—Charles M. Provin of Newerf has rented the blacksmith shop in the rear of A. B. Armstrong's drug store where he will open a shop in the near future. He has also rented one of the Sartwell houses on Water street and will move his family here.

—C. B. Cronk died at Duke Center Sunday, of paralysis of the throat and a complication of diseases. He was about 68 years of age and is survived by two sons, J. E. Cronk, postmaster at Duke Center, and Ralph, of Belfast, N. Y., and a daughter, Mrs. J. McCoy, of Pittsburg.—Eldred Eagle.

—Last week E. R. Helmer of Port Allegany sold 12,000 eight-inch trout to Bradford parties.

—Ditches are being dug on both sides of the proposed paving on East Main street for gas mains which will be outside the curb.

—The new house of Mrs. Frank W. Backus on East Main street is nearly enclosed. Clarence Powell has charge of the construction.

—The prospects are not bright for Port Allegany having either an electric lighting plant or trolley system in the near future, owing to a quarrel between the promoters and members of the council.

—While taking a horseback ride Sunday morning Idalia Pomeroy was thrown from her horse at Weimer's residence. Luckily she was unhurt by the accident. Carrol Ward was pressed into service as chauffeur and took her home in his horseless carriage, namely a wheelbarrow.—Port Allegany Argus.

—County Commissioners Marsh and Peterson were in Mt. Jewett Thursday, to inquire into the condition of August Anderson, who for some time past has been showing signs of mental collapse. It was determined that the Warren asylum was the best place for Anderson under the circumstances, and Commissioner Peterson conducted him to that institution Thursday.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—According to the Shinglehouse Mail: The big window glass factory is idle this week on account of the men not receiving their money on their regular pay day, Saturday. The flatteners were at work the first of the week flattening the blown glass that was on hand. The fires are still in the tanks and the management feels confident that the plant will again be running before the first of the coming week. The glass situation is not of the best in any part of the country, and Shinglehouse is not an exception.

—The governor has signed the new game and fish bills. The former is a codification of all existing laws and makes few changes in the regulations. The important features of the fish bill are that it requires the actual possession of fish contrary to law for a conviction and not the mere effort to catch fish illegally, and gives every defendant the right to appeal to court from the decision of a justice of the peace or alderman. It also permits the use of more than one rod for all fish except trout and specifically states what a fisherman can and cannot do in each instance, leaving nothing to the judgment of the warden.

ANECDOTES OF BEYER

The Famous French Composer Was Blunt of Speech.

HE HAD A CAUSTIC TONGUE.

His Biting Wit Was Lavishly Bestowed Upon Those Who Annoyed or Displeased Him—As an Officeholder He Was the Limit of Indifference.

Ernest Reyer, the famous French composer, had a biting wit and a caustic tongue. Fortune frowned on him at the beginning of his musical career, and his first opera, "Erostrate," was played only twice. This did not worry Reyer much, although, as he said to the manager, "I had hoped to see it played three times at least." "Erostrate" was rather meanly staged. In the first act the temple of Ephesus was supposed to fall and did not. "I suppose," said Reyer, "that they thought that if the play dropped hard enough the audience would excuse the temple."

At that time the manager of the opera was a man named Halanzier, who was no musician and whom Reyer disliked. Halanzier had a way of patronizing the composer which made him furious, and he took his revenge one evening in Brussels. "Sigurd," after having had some success in Paris, was played at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels and achieved a triumph. After the first performance Reyer gave a supper, to which he invited Halanzier who was delighted when the composer, after a speech in his honor, lifted his glass and said, "And now I wish to drink to Halanzier." Halanzier bowed and smiled, and Reyer, without moving a muscle, went on calmly and imperturbably—"to Halanzier, the one manager to whom I owe nothing."

Reyer was playing one of his compositions at a friend's house when a little girl—he hated children—commenced to cry and would not be comforted. "For pity's sake," cried Reyer furiously, "put that child on a chair and sit on her face, one of you!" The crying child became some fifteen years later Mme. Rose Caron, the singer who helped Reyer to the pinnacle of fame.

It was Ernest Reyer who was the original perpetrator of the joke with reference to twins which has been ascribed to so many people. A friend of his had just become the father of two boys and had them brought in to the composer. "Charming," said Ernest Reyer nervously—"charming children," patting their cheeks gingerly with his gloved hand, "delightful children really. Which one are you going to keep?"

When he was appointed librarian to the Paris Opera he took his duties very easily and as a matter of fact scarcely ever went to the opera house. He was fond of telling the story of his first visit to his office. He went to it one evening at dusk six years after he had been appointed. He lost his way and wandered about up and down narrow passages and dark corridors until he ran up against a doorkeeper whom he had passed two or three times already. The man, distrusting the stranger, stopped him and said, "Who are you, and where are you going?" Reyer looked him up and down. "I am the librarian," he said haughtily, "and I am looking for the library!"

One day a young musician called on him with a warm letter of introduction from a mutual friend. Reyer received him and, wincing, asked him to play the two pieces which his friend had recommended. After the first one had been performed the pianist turned expectantly to the composer. "What do you think of that?" he asked. "I prefer the other one," said Reyer, and the young man left without playing it. When he was on the stairs the old composer leaned over the banisters and called to him. "Your future is assured, young man," he said. "You have nearly learned when to stop. But if you had let me off the first piece too"— And, chuckling, he went into his flat again.

Once a young lady sang him the grand air from "Sigurd" and sang it rather badly. "I was so frightened, cher maitre!" she said. "Not nearly as frightened as I was!" was the old man's answer.

On another occasion a lady said to him: "Oh, M. Reyer, when I hear the air of 'Dores' in 'Salammbo' I can positively see you writing it! I can see you in your beautiful home in Provence, between the mountain and the sea, drawing inspiration from the sunshine of the south and"— Reyer interrupted her. "There is something the matter with your eyesight, madame," he growled. "When I composed that air I was sitting on the top of an omnibus, smoking a pipe, and it was raining in torrents!"

One more example. A lady who lodged opposite him in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne was an ex-pupil of the conservatory, and this, it seemed to her, was the chance of a lifetime. The master could not help hearing her sing, and if he heard her he would be captivated and her future would be assured. So she opened her window and daily sang numbers from his "Salammbo." In due course a messenger knocked at her door. "M. Reyer has heard you," he began, and the singer believed that all her dreams were coming true. "M. Reyer has heard you," the messenger continued, "and he sends his compliments and would esteem it a favor if you would close your windows when you are practicing!"

You had better watch in the market place than slumber in the temple.—Maeterlinck.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Cost of Raising a Heifer.

The professors at the Utah station undertook to determine the cost of raising calves up to two years. The calves were largely grade Shorthorns, Guernseys and Holsteins. They were allowed to nurse their dams but a few times, after which they were hand fed. The cost was calculated on the following prices of foodstuffs: Whole milk, $1 per hundredweight; skimmilk, 15 cents; roots, $4.50 a ton; alfalfa hay, $5 a ton; grain, $16 a ton, and pasture, $1.50 a month. The average weight at birth was 70.4 pounds and at two years of age 1,037 pounds. The average cost of keep with twelve head the first year was $19 and the second year $17.07; the total cost of keep to two years of age, $36.07. Eight of the heifers averaged two years and two months old when they were first milked. By reducing the amount of whole milk consumed the cost of production the first year may be reduced. To feed a minimum of whole milk and keep the calves in thrifty condition the change to skimmilk must be made carefully.—Field and Farm.

Why Fields Are Prolific.

Perhaps the hardest point for the unprofessional man to understand is that two fields of soil may look alike, but one will yield seventy-five bushels of corn and the other nineteen.

This very example may be seen at the Urbana (O.) experiment farm, where one field has been grown to corn exclusively for thirty years without manure or fertilizer of any kind. Last year it gave up less than nineteen bushels to the acre.

Not ten rods away, with everything else the same, over seventy-five bushels to the acre were harvested, only because the necessary plant food had been replaced in the form of stable manure, etc., and because rotation had been practiced, using clover as one of the crops in the rotation scheme.—Farm Progress.

Vitality of Seeds.

In considering left over seeds the difference in their life should be taken into account. Onion, parsnip, salsify, beans, peas, corn and parsley are of very doubtful value after the first year. Beet, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, lettuce, melon, radish, squash, tomato and turnip, if kept in a dry place, will be good for two years or even longer.

It is very easy to test the vitality of all seeds by placing them between two layers of cotton batting kept moist between two dinner plates, the upper plate turned bottom up over the layers of batting. By this method the seed can be examined each day and finally counted out and the proportion germinating accurately determined.

Dehorning Calves.

Calves may be dehorned when only a few days old by applying caustic potash or soda to the little knobs that will grow out as horns. If a calf is over a week old it will not answer very well. It is better at that age to take a sharp knife and cut the horn button out as well down into the flesh as you can. Clip the hair around the knob and wash clean, and when dry moisten the stick of potash slightly and rub well on the horn knob. Don't let your fingers touch the potash. It will burn them badly. Wrap with a piece of paper. Don't wet the potash much. Just a little on the end to make some rub off on the knob.

Grafting Wax.

The standard formula for grafting wax is one pound tallow, two pounds beeswax and four pounds resin. This mixture should be melted and then poured into a pail of cold water. Remove as soon as cool enough to handle and pull like taffy candy until it becomes light colored. The hands should be greased before pulling the wax. After thus prepared it may be wrapped in greased paper and kept indefinitely. It does not need to be heated again when applied to the graft. The warmth of the hands is sufficient to make it pliable.—New England Homestead.

Farm Notes.

If the ground is full of large clods a heavy roller should be used before the harrow.

Sunshine and hot water are the best germicides. Far too little of the former is made use of.

Humus in the soil indicates in a large measure its fertility. This is especially true of sandy soil.

Don't have a lot of manure lying in the yards all summer. It will lose just about half of its value by fall.

It has been found that $2 worth of an inferior grade of molasses can be made from one ton of cornstalks.

Improving the Soil.

No farmer ought to be content to have his farm only in as good condition this year as it was last year. Every year ought to show some improvement. If you will lay out a plan running through five years for the rotation of crops, for the disposition of the manure on the farm, for the distribution of commercial fertilizers, you will find a steady improvement in the yield of the soil, and in the course of a few years you will find that the capital your farm represents has greatly increased in value.—Home and Farm.

Handling the Colt.

Many a vicious horse has been started on his bad career by not being properly handled when young. Even though a colt is naturally of a bad disposition he can be easily managed while under six months old. When he once is taught that man is his master the first step in his training has been successfully accomplished.

Prophetic Dream Fulfilled.

It was stated at an inquest on a Dean Forest (England) collier, who had become entangled in the machinery, that on the previous night he woke up his wife and told her he had dreamed that while working with the machine an accident occurred and he had fallen into it.

WHERE RICH MEN ARE FEW.

They Are as Scarce as Black Swans in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent, and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food. They wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet, notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements, they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irritation caused among other laborers, overworked if not underpaid, by the spectacle of neighbors living in affluence and ease without any necessity to curtail their expenditure. Rich men are *black swans* in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traced for many years in the country that he doubted greatly whether there were fifty men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of $5,000 a year.—London Illustrated News.

Faults on Both Sides.

He was a mild and meek kind of husband, but at length his patience and good nature gave out, and he went to his lawyer to get him to draw up a deed of separation from his exasperating better half.

"Ah, well," said the lawyer thoughtfully; "perhaps there may be faults on both sides."

"You're right!" shouted the angry client. "She has a hump on her back and a wart on her nose."—New York Times.

Her Kick.

"I don't mind finding a gray hair or two—in my own hair," sighed the bachelor girl, who spoons some few signs of the sear and yellow leaf, "but when I pay $3 for a like bunch of lovely brown curls and have to pick them out of those, too, it isn't fair. Do you think it is?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Located.

"Say," queried the would be humorist, "where is that place Atoms that so many people are blown to?"

"It's just the other side of Effigy, the place in which so many people are hanged," answered the solemn person.—Chicago News.

The Right of the Kiss.

Some say kissing is a sin, but if it was na lawful, lawyers would na allow it; if it was na holy, ministers would na do it; if it was na modest, maidens would na take it; if it was na plenty, puir folk would na get it.—Robert Burns.

The Alternative.

"If the window had been eight feet from the ground," poured the young wife, "instead of eight stories, I'd have thrown myself out when you quarreled with me. Then you'd have had to be sweet to me when you picked me up. A lot of wives attempt suicide, they say, just to be petted when they come to."

"Yes," said he, "but sometimes they don't come to, remember."—New York Press.

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That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes made from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

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Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday May 6, 1909.

EDITOR MINER—Please announce that I am a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries, June 12, 1909.

JAMES H. STULL.

East Smethport, Pa., March 30, 1909.

C. D. GRAHAM, famous as the only man who ever dared death five times successfully in the lower whirlpool rapids of the Niagara river, is dead. He passed away on Monday at the home of his sister in Detroit.

A NASHVILLE woman who had been courted for a period of nine years, finally became impatient and killed her "steady company." In this tragedy there is a solemn warning to all lovers who insist upon waiting unnecessarily in having the not tied.

THE many friends of Hon. Charles F. Barclay, our popular and efficient congressman, will unite with the Miner in extending him their heartfelt sympathy over the recent death of his wife which occurred at the family home in Shinemahoning.

THE Young Turks have control of the situation in their empire and it looks as though that country and all others concerned will be better off for the action they have taken in the administration. One thing is certain and that is, it cannot be much worse than in the past.

THE defense in the Thornton-Hains trial for the killing of William Annis is being heard this week. Much of the evidence produced which bears on the actions of Annis and Mrs. Hains during the absence of her husband is of a nature that forbids its being printed and, if true, is enough to drive any man insane.

COL. T. ROOSEVELT is hunting on the Kapiti Plains of East Africa and thus far reports are to the effect that he has shot three lions and two lionesses. His son, Kermit, has shot one lion, one cheetah and a specie of leopard. His party has now started to hunt giraffes. One of these animals is more difficult to track than a dozen lions, according to reports.

COLORADO has a new campaign expense law, just signed by the governor, which is a freak even in Western legislation. The bill provides that the State shall contribute for campaign expenses every two years 25 cents for each voter cast at the preceding general election, this sum to be divided among the political parties according to the vote for their respective candidates for governor.

JAMES HAZEN HYDE has been sentenced by a judge in Paris to undergo a month's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $300 because his auto hit a taxicab, injuring a passenger. After the collision the Hyde outfit dashed away hurriedly, without offering even an apology. This in France, as elsewhere, adds to the seriousness of the offense in such cases. It shows cowardice and indifference of a kind that is inexcusable.—Era.

THE members of Congress who went to Panama to look over the Panama Canal have returned and seem unanimously of the opinion that the lock type of canal is by all means the best. Of course, they were not experts but they seem to have used their common sense. The importance of their visit lies in the fact that there is no prospect that Congress will reverse its action in adopting the lock type. In no other way could a change be made, since President Taft has gone on record in favor of the present plan and in a current magazine gives his reasons for so doing.

The agitation continues, but seemingly to no purpose other than to make friction. Some engineers are insistent that the lock canal will never be a success. The principal champion of a sea level is M. Bunau-Varilla, who was in charge during the latter part of the French regime and who is the author of a plan for making a 110-foot level canal of the lock type. To this he never refers in his present arguments. It may be said that no one can tell certainly what is going to happen in the future, but it seems that the present plans are indorsed by as good engineering talent as the world contains. That is enough for the ordinary man.

Objections to the sea level canal as proposed are many. In the first place, the plans call for a much narrower canal than is provided by the present plans, and as the curvature is great the danger of navigation is increased, especially as there must needs be considerable current in the sea level canal.

Another objection is that to make a sea level canal involves a dam more difficult, more expensive and more uncertain than the present plans call for. The harnessing of the Chagres is in itself almost as great a problem as digging the canal to the sea level. It has never been reduced to a scientific plan, and by some engineers is considered impossible.

The cost of a sea level canal is at least $300,000,000 greater than the present type. This would not be important if a better canal were to be secured, but that is not believed to be possible.

It would take several years longer to construct a sea level canal, which is alone enough to make it undesirable.

Finally, the best judgment is that a lock canal as laid out will be much easier and safer to navigate than the narrow-curved one which alone is possible at the sea level.

These considerations seem to make the present plans so desirable that no further argument is necessary. In any event, no change is to be made.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ate Poison Berries and Died.

A short time ago Theodore H. Nelson, the four-year-old son of Oscar Nelson and wife, died at his home at the tannery from poisoning. During the afternoon the little fellow together with four of his little playmates while playing in the woods near the tannery, found some red berries, which they proceeded to eat. The little boys soon became sick and going home informed their parents of what they had eaten. Dr. Ashcraft was called and succeeded in saving all of the little lads with the exception of the Nelson boy who had eaten a great many more of the berries than the other boys.

The funeral of Theodore was held Monday afternoon at two o'clock from the home of his parents at the tannery. Rev. E. O. Graham, pastor of Saint Paul's Lutheran church officiated. Interment was made in Eulalia cemetery under the direction of Undertaker G. H. Grabo & Sons.

The other children poisoned were two sons of Mrs. John Dudas, one son of John Hanley and one son of Frank Dudas, all ranging from four to seven years.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 1, 1909:

Mr. Yusef, Mr. Willis Sklof, Mr. Urban D. Dutfield, C. A. Hatzel, Herb Luther, Wasiel Kunak, Mrs. Matilda Larson, M. L. Lewis, Mrs. Laura V. Nares, Mrs. Anna V. Nares.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GRAVES,
Postmaster.

Administrator's Sale.

May 11th, 1909, at 2 p. m. on E. E. Wright farm, Coleville, Pa. A. Farley, auctioneer. Terms of sale: All sales of $5.00 and under, cash; over $5.00, six days' time will be given on approved note.

1 reaper, 1 seeder, 1 side hill plow, 1 level land plow, 2 cultivators, 3 mowing machines, 2 grindstones, 1 cider mill, 1 hauling mill, 1 horse rake, 1 top buggy, 1 single harness, 1 lumber wagon, 1 set double harness, about two tons baled hay.

J. B. WRIGHT,
Administrator.

Everybody is likely to have kidney and bladder trouble. In fact nearly everybody has some trouble of this kind. That is the reason why you so often have pains in the back and groin, scalding sensation, urinary disorders, etc.—that's your kidneys. The best thing to do is to get some of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away. Take them for a few days or a week or so and you will feel all right. In this way, too, you will ward off dangerous and possibly serious ailments. They are perfectly harmless, and are not only antiseptic, but allay pain quickly by their healing properties. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. C. Wells and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Paganini.

During the revolution in Italy Paganini was seized as a suspect and thrown into prison, where he was confined for some years. Having a violin with one string only, by incessant practice he acquired an execution so masterful that he was able to play upon the one string more wonderfully than others could upon four.—New York American.

Notice.

A new train on the K. & S. leaves Smethport, Pa., Washington St., 4:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, making connections at Larrabee with P. R. R. train No. 51 arriving at Olean 5:52 p. m., Buffalo 7:45 p. m. Leave Buffalo 7:30 a. m., Olean 10:05 a. m., arriving at Smethport, Washington St. 11:25 a. m. C. H. GLEASON, G. P. A.

If you expect to get the original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, you must be sure that it is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for cuts, burns and bruises, and is especially good for piles. Refuse substitutes. Sold by H. C. Wells and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Easter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stoves in good condition. One dress form as good as new. Dining table, gas range and sewing machine. Will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, small, gentle and sure. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale.

3 new milch cows. C. H. GLEASON

SMETHPORT ODD FELLOWS HALL ASSOCIATION.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1909, the Smethport Odd Fellows Hall Association filed in the Court of Common Pleas for McKean County, its petition praying for a decree of dissolution, and that a hearing upon said application for dissolution has been fixed by said Court for the 7th day of June, A. D. 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petition, if they so desire.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Solicitor for Petitioner.

ALDEN'S NAPLES STORY.

A Glass of Capri Wine and a Statue That Nodded.

The late W. L. Alden, the humorist, was one of the most abstemious of men—in fact, he was pretty near being a teetotaler. I don't know that I ever saw him take wine or spirits in all the years I knew him except a glass of claret at the midday and evening meals during his last illness.

During the later years of his life he spent the winter abroad, sometimes in Genoa, sometimes in Naples and once, I think, in Cairo, and usually his four or five months' residence on the shores of the Mediterranean would not cost him more than £50.

Once on his return from Naples I remember his telling me this story:

"L., a brother novelist, was in Naples also and asked me one night to dine with him at one of the big hotels on the water front just outside Naples—one of those hotels along that massive stone embankment against which the waves of the sea often break in showers of spray thirty or forty feet high.

"After dinner we went for a walk along the embankment, and we got pretty well drenched with the spray. Soon we reached a statue, and, lo, it nodded gravely toward us!

"'Did you see that statue nod?' said L. to me.

"'I certainly did,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, 'I'm going back to the hotel and to bed before I get run in. It's that confounded Capri wine.'

"So, ashamed of ourselves, back we went and sneaked up to bed. But at breakfast table next morning both of us seemed to be amazingly fresh considering our dissipation of the night before, and we could not understand why we had such good appetites until the waiter said:

"'Did the gentlemen feel last night's slight earthquake?'"—Pearson's Weekly.

Considerate.

Mr. de Chub—My dear, a great German physician says women require more sleep than men. Mrs. de C.—Does he? Mr. de C.—Yes. My dear—um—er—you'd better not wait up for me tonight.

24 Acre Farm Near Larabee With Oil Rights For Only $2,000

We offer for sale a productive farm of 24 acres, located 2 miles from Eldred, Pa., and one mile from Larrabee, Pa., on R. F. D. and telephone line. 20 acres under cultivation, 4 in pasture. Good water, wire fences, 60 trees grafted fruit, 10 room house plumbed throughout for gas, in good repair, barn 30x40, shed 30x20 and cow stable 16x20 with cement floor. ½ mile to school, 1 mile to railroad station. Oil and gas right goes with farm. Included with this farm is a 12 acre wild lot located about one mile distant. Price $2,000. Terms $1,000 cash, time on balance. Will sell stock and tools now on farm if desired. Possession in 60 days.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

Country Store at Marvindale For Sale Right

We offer for sale a country store at Marvindale, Pa., on Shawmut railroad. Store building about 20x48, two stories high, with 3 living rooms on second floor. Price for building and lot $700. Stock of groceries and merchandise at inventory, about $2,000. Annual sales about $5,000. Terms $500 cash, time on balance. Postoffice in store. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

The Oxford Sack

Copyright 1908 by Michaels-Stern & Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Michaels-Stern

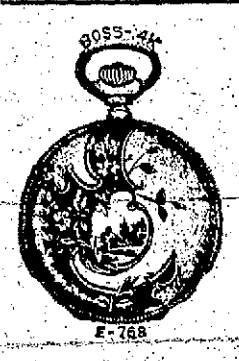
designs are invariably graceful and distinctive, giving the wearer a combination of breeding and fashion that cannot be otherwise than a social or business asset.

The model suggested and herewith illustrated is one of the season's new suits, with a 3-button, snug-fitting coat. We will guarantee you a smile of pleasure the moment you try it on.

We have every size in this most desirable model.

H. W. RUBIN

SMETHPORT, PA.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

If you want

City Trimmed Millinery

Give me a call.

MAY CHADWICK,
Odesser Building,
EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral Marches to the grave."

Our surgical appliances, rubber goods, and all druggist sundries have been known to save lives innumerable. A new and complete line at

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12 1-2c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Building House	$ 19,694.71
Bonds	187,413.00
Loans	570,689 87
Cash	22,031.31
Due from Banks	88,614.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.88
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

Lath and Shingles

General Planing Mill Work

H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Smethport's New School

Have you visited the new Smethport Branch of the Bradford Business College? Expert instruction. Terms very reasonable. Call and see us.

Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.

Evening sessions Monday and Wednesday from 8 to 10 p. m., and daily from 2 to 4 p. m.

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

HIGH SPEED GASOLINE

WAVERLY GASOLINES

never fail—guaranteed best for all Auto purposes. Three brands:

76°—MOTOR—STOVE

Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Cost no more than the ordinary kind. Your dealer knows—ask him.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Independent Oil Refiners Pittsburg, Pa.

Marlin
A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured
For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.
Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.
There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 128 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.
The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

A Splendid Array of Tempting Values

Suit and Cloak Dept.

Stylish Suits at.....$14.00. Several new Styles at.....$22.50
Others at $25.00, $27.50, $30.00, $35.00

WASH SUITS—Skirts and Jackets, very popular and up to the minute in style and workmanship.

Separate Skirts from.....$3.75 to $15.00
Brown, Blue, Grey, Black. They can't help but please.

See our White Goods Section for the newest things in popular and fancy White.

A goods to meet your requirements in any class of white.

Lace Curtains

Fifty styles in White, Arabian, Red and Green from, pair.....59c to $5.00
Mull and Ruffled Curtains, just in, pair.....79c to $2.00

Hosiery and Underwear.

Complete new line of Underwear and Hosiery.

Gauze Vests.....10, 15, 25 & 50c
Men's Suits.....50c to $1.50
Boys' Shirts and Drawers.....25c
Ladies' Fast Black Hose.....10, 15, 25, 39 and 50c
Most of these also in Wine and Tan
Ladies Silk Hose, $2.00 value at.....$1.00

Shoe Department.

Showing Black and Brown Suede Strap Pumps at.....$3.50
A variety of styles in Black, Brown, Tan and Patent Leathers. "Patrician" make, all new at.....$3.50 and $4.00
Boys' and Children's Oxfords, Black and Tan, solid leather shoes that will wear. Priced from.....$1.00 to $2.25

These are excellent values. Don't miss them.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

The Paint That Wears Well

ONE GALLON COVERS ONE COAT
Half a cent buys enough SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT for Two Coats on one square foot of surface.

FOR SALE BY

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 6, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Pictures at 10 cents each are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—Four cases of smallpox are reported at Eldred. All are of mild form.

—Read what The Lindholm Company have to say in their space this week.

—Armstrong's Drug Store has a new ice cream advertisement in this issue.

—It is time to commence talking about the next McKean County Fair & Races.

—This pleasant weather has a tendency to make fishermen sit up and take notice.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Longmore of Farmers Valley on Monday, May 3, 1909, a girl.

—John Bender, whose barber shop was destroyed by fire last week is now located with E. E. Heath.

—An investigation into the merits of his claim, is solicited by Monheimer in his advertisement on this page.

—W. J. Kerr has got his jewelry store about straightened out and is ready for business again, after the fire.

—The Frog's water fountain is here and will be placed at the corner of Main and Franklin streets within a few days.

—Contractor Gipp is in town and is making preparations to start paving as soon as the weather will permit. He is having brick and other materials placed on the ground on West Main street.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman will open her millinery stock to-day in the west window of Daly & Garlick's hardware store.

—A pool tournament is being held by the members of the Central Club which is attracting many of our local enthusiasts.

—The court has been asked for an injunction restraining owners of town lot oil wells in Bradford from shooting said wells.

—Jack O'Brien of Bradford is in jail at Salamanca, charged with the silk robbery in the Erie Railroad yards in that place last February.

—William J. Kerr takes this method of extending his heartfelt thanks to the many people who rendered him so much kind assistance during his past manifold misfortunes.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman has made arrangements to open her millinery store in the west room of the Daly & Garlick hardware store until she can secure other quarters.

—It is reported that several suits for damages will be started against the city of Bradford by parties whose children were injured in the recent School street explosion.

—Mr. Benjamin H. Lasher and Miss Mary Ida Gibbs both of Derrick City were united in warriage by Justice A. W. Colegrove at his office on Wednesday, May 5, 1909.

—Mr. Hoenung, from Reed Brothers & Co.'s wholesale millinery house of Cleveland, Ohio, made a special trip here Wednesday to furnish Mrs. A. E. Hinman with a beautiful line of pattern hats and millinery goods, which she will at once open in Daly & Garlick's hardware store.

—John Foley, Jr., of West Pike, Potter county, committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn a few days ago. The deceased was 27 years old and leaves a wife and four children.

—Dr. F. C. Pierce, who lost his dental outfit in the recent fire, has stocked up sufficiently to do work at his residence or at your own home, for a time until a satisfactory office can be obtained.

—Are we going to properly observe Decoration Day? If so it is time someone was taking the proper steps to assist our G. A. R. Post in arranging the program and procuring the necessary financial assistance.

—There are many building schemes being discussed to replace the burned district, but as yet none of them have been definitely settled on. However it is reasonably certain that part of the burned district will be rebuilt in the near future.

—Every paper we pick up is complaining about the service given by the Pennsylvania Railroad is giving the places along its lines and unless this road gives better service it is liable to lose a large volume of business where there are competing lines.

—Anderson & Carlson have been negotiating with H. W. Rubin & Co. for the purchase of their shoe store in the Odd Fellows block for the past few days. Reports this morning are to the effect that these gentlemen could not agree on price and the deal is off.

—Mrs. Thos. W. Camp informed the writer that she found a brown striped coat and vest on her lawn after the fire on Tuesday of last week and she would like to restore them to the owner if he will make himself known. There was nothing in the pockets to indicate to whom they belong.

—The County Commissioners set a gang of men at work tearing up the abandoned B. B. & K. tracks on the county farm on Tuesday and yesterday morning Elisha K. Kane who owns the road sent a gang of men to stop them. The county crew stopped work and the chances are the matter will be fought out in court.

—The Glass Bottle Blowers memorial services will be held at St. Elizabeth's church next Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock. Rev. J. F. Dugan will preach the sermon and tenders a special invitation to all union men to be present. Union men are requested to meet at Kerns' hall at 7:15 and march in a body to the church.

—A burglar who entered the residence of H. S. Hastings at St. Marys early last Thursday morning awakened Mr. Hastings' daughter, who grappled with the intruder and screamed for help. The burglar escaped, but was shot in the leg by a man who was passing the house and surrendered. He had a full set of burglar's tools.

—Last Friday morning between 3 and 4 o'clock a number of people in town were awakened by the continuous tooting of a whistle and at first nearly everyone thought that the Chemical Works at East Smethport was on fire, but later they learned that it was the Chemical Works whistle at Crosby. A car of charcoal was burned by the fire.

—Bowton & Mitchell have about completed a derrick on their lease west of town and expect to commence drilling the last of this week or the first of next. This well is located almost due north of the big well on the County farm and will give a pretty good idea of the way the oil belt runs. The owners of this lease are extremely confident that it will be a good one.

—What's the use of kicking about the weather. Fifty-two years ago this week snow was four feet deep on the roads now known as Main and Mill streets. The few farmers in this section were short of hay or fodder of any character and a path had to be shoveled to the woods where small hardwood trees were felled that the stock might browse.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The trial of James F. Boyle, the kidnaper, set for last Friday, was postponed until Wednesday. Helen Boyle will be tried to-day. Former Judge Miller, the attorney for the defense, asked that the case be postponed until Wednesday because the original information against the prisoner was missing. It was reported at first that the information could not be produced in court.

—J. S. McCarthy has changed his mind about building a new brick block next to Sheridan Gorton's office and has decided to repair the old building by putting in a new floor and underpinning. He stated to the writer yesterday morning that he was negotiating with J. F. Rooney for the site where his market was burned and that if he got it he would build a brick building there this summer.

—B. T. Garlick has resigned as superintendent of the Smethport Water Company and W. P. Walsh has been elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Garlick tendered his resignation on account of other business which demanded his attention. He still remains in charge of the Gas office and that with his hardware business is all he can attend to. Mr. Walsh is an excellent man for the position and his many friends will welcome him back to Smethport.

—Mrs. William Hafner had a narrow escape from at least an icy bath while going home from town last Saturday night. As she was walking on the high sidewalk on Marvin street a part of the walk, which had been undermined by the flood tipped up, throwing her down and she barely escaped sliding into the creek. And had she done so the chances are that she would have been drowned for she was alone and the water was high and the current swift.

—One day recently a young matron of Smethport was out driving, dressed in the latest fashion of headgear which was adorned with a wisp of artificial oats. When some distance out in the country she got out either to tie the horse or adjust its bridle and while she was busy with a strap, the horse saw the oats and they looked so real that he proceeded to partake of a lunch. And now said young matron is mourning the loss of the aforesaid oats. The horse survived the oats and the lady's wrath.

—We understand that it has been reported in nearby towns that Smethport has one or more cases of smallpox. Such is not the case. The nearest thing to it is that it is claimed that an East Smethport family has been exposed to the dreaded malady. Notwithstanding the fact that others exposed at the same time have been suffering with the disease for nearly a week, none of this family have been stricken. However, as a precaution, the children have been taken out of school and the family is practically under quarantine.

Personal Mention.

Walter Breneman had business in Bradford Saturday.

Harry Tanner of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor Friday.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence passed Sunday with friends in Olean.

Miss Roxie King is visiting her brother, Horace, at Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. Harvey McQuiston leaves to-day for a visit to Kane and Erie.

Clare Burch of Kushequa was a visitor in town last Friday evening.

J. L. Bayer of Port Allegany was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Wm. Monheimer was in New York last week on a buying expedition.

F. D. Gallup was a business visitor in Philadelphia the fore part of the week.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus and Mrs. Emil Jahn were Eldred visitors Saturday.

W. A. M. Thamm of Bradford was calling on friends and relatives in town today.

Col. M. M. Gillette returned home on Saturday after an extended visit in Ohio.

Miss Mary Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was the guest of friends in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany attended the Masonic banquet last evening.

Mrs. N. Cummings of Olean was the guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence the latter part of last week.

W. P. Walsh has returned from Independence, Kan., where he has been employed for some time.

Misses Rita Gorton and Edna Comes left to-day for a few days' visit with friends in Port Allegany.

Leo Herzog passed Sunday with his wife at Coleville. Mrs. Herzog is visiting her parents in that place.

Rev. J. F. Dugan went to Kane on Monday to be present at the Forty hours devotions in that place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Luley of Bradford were the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. N. Harry Knapp, Tuesday.

S. D. Lehman of Clearfield, who has been the guest of W. H. Gallup for a few days, left for his home to-day.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and daughters, who have been visiting relatives in this place left Monday for their home in Mt. Jewett.

Editor Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald attended the funeral of Mrs. W. J. Kerr last Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. William Hafner left Monday for North Girard, Pa., called there by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. F. M. Spanogle.

Miss Blanche Wentz returned to her home in Roulette to-day after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ross Colegrove.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McAllister of Colegrove were in attendance at the Masonic banquet last evening.

Joe Roys, Clifton Lyman, Lawrence Coleman and H. Havens of Port Allegany attended the contest and dance at the Lyceum last Friday night.

WM. MONHEIMER.

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Four Footed Wisdom.

By BELLE MANIATES.

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When they heard that Lieutenant Cavanaugh, —th United States cavalry, was coming home on a month's leave of absence a general alarm was sounded, and they met in secret session for conference and action.

They were all openly and avowedly suitors for the lily white hand of Helene Kemble, and now they formed an alliance for the purpose of keeping the trespasser from their territory.

It was conceded generally that the odds would be in favor of his army of foes, and, though they gathered solace from the fact that he never brought a mount with him, they realized that obstacles must be placed in his path.

The first fruits of their common cause against the enemy were seen at Mrs. Dalrymple's lawn fete, which occurred on the night of Lieutenant Cavanaugh's return to his home city.

Helene was talking to a little knot of friends when she saw her hostess approaching with a tall, square shouldered, good looking man. She prepared complacently to meet the young officer whose merits so often had been rehearsed to her. Before they reached her, however, one of her admirers quickly came up to her and bore her away to the dancing pavilion.

"WHAT AUDACITY!" SHE THOUGHT, TURNING TO GIVE HIM A GLANCE.

After the waltz was ended she saw the lieutenant approaching again in company with his aunt, whom Helene knew slightly.

Another suitor interposed at once, hurrying her to a table with such haste as to bewilder her. This program was followed the rest of the evening. Whenever Cavanaugh was seen in her vicinity some one was sure to intervene and whisk her away. She knew chance was not entirely to blame, and at last she divined and enjoyed the situation. She wondered if Cavanaugh was equally wise.

"If he has the diplomacy one in the service of Uncle Sam should have," she thought, "he will find a way or make one."

Once during a dance the young officer collided with her partner, and she felt confident that the action was intentional. As he begged her pardon his partner started to give the desired introduction. Instantly the man with Helene danced her away in double quick time. After this dance Cavanaugh took his departure.

"He hasn't what George designates as staying powers," she concluded.

Two days passed without any apparent effort on Cavanaugh's part to effect a meeting.

"He is either stupid or indifferent," she concluded, slightly piqued.

She changed her mind when she received from his aunt an invitation to a small dinner to be given for the young lieutenant.

"That was a shrewd move," she mused. "I wonder what he would do if I should not accept the invitation?"

A spirit of contrariness seized her. She determined to prolong the situation. She sent her regrets as to the dinner, pleading indisposition. The ruse forced her to remain indoors throughout twenty-four beautiful hours. It made her illogically indignant against the man, of course.

On the following day she took her first riding lesson, accompanied by a riding master and her younger brother, George. As they rode three abreast Lieutenant Cavanaugh, mounted on a shining chestnut, approached. To Helene's utter surprise he wheeled about and rode at her side.

"What audacity!" she thought, turning to give him a glance meant to be annihilating. Her frigidity was wasted. The young lieutenant was not even looking at her. With flushed face and set features he was concentrating his whole attention on his horse. After a sharp trot they came to a corner, and with a sharp cut of his whip the lieutenant turned and vanished down a side street.

"How dared he!" she wondered. "If I hadn't shown by my manner what I thought of him I actually believe he would have spoken to me."

They turned at the next corner. To her dismay she saw him in the distance ahead of them. Angry as she was at his behavior, she could not help noticing that he was riding superbly.

"Let us ride faster!" she suggested.

They passed Cavanaugh at a gallop.

Instantly he rode with them again, but this time alongside of George. Cavanaugh said something to the boy and, again putting the whip to his horse, rode on. The lad reined up and gave vent to wholesome and hilarious mirth.

"What did he say to you?" demanded Helene indignantly.

"Oh, say, Helene, this is right! He borrowed that horse of Jim Hunt, and you know Jim is a member of our troop of state cavalry."

"Well, what of that?" she asked unenlightened.

"Why, that horse is used to drilling fours, and Cavanaugh had hard work to convince him he wasn't on duty."

"Really?" said Helene reheating.

"Let me show you," said the lad eagerly. "I am trumpeter for the troop, you know, and I brought my trumpet with me to practice in the woods. Let's overtake him, and I will show you."

They urged their horses forward. The boy rose in his saddle and sounded the recall. Cavanaugh's horse responded instantly and swiftly.

"Lieutenant Cavanaugh," said the boy naively as the chestnut swung into line, "let me introduce you to my sister, Miss Kemble."

The young lieutenant acknowledged the introduction gravely and then explained the ways of his horse.

"Don't you think, Lieutenant Cavanaugh," she said sweetly, "that it would be a pity to interfere with the military training of your horse? If your way lies on this road, why not continue in fours?"

"It would be a kindness alike to horse and rider," he replied.

"I had exhausted," he said presently when they were back in the city, "all my knowledge of maneuvers and tactics, and it remained for Hunt's mare to help me out. I don't think it was her training alone that prompted the movement. I really suspect that she had grasped the situation and wanted to help me out."

"Suppose," she proposed innocently, "that we ride past the club."

"The charge of the light brigade against the enemy," he laughed.

George was discreetly silent, and the "scrambler" never was able to fathom the secret of the encounter. But they all got over it in time to appear at the wedding next year.

A Famous Penman.

In a little log cabin in the village of Geneva, O., Platt R. Spencer, the author of Spencerian penmanship, first taught writing. The school was familiarly known as "Jericho" and is fresh in the minds of hundreds of successful men and women in many parts of the United States.

Platt R. Spencer spent the first penny he ever earned as a lad for a sheet of writing paper. He sent by a lumberman to a distant town for it and sat up into the night awaiting his return. Later, at Ashtabula harbor, he wrote the beautiful Spencerian characters, of which he was the author, in the sands by the shores of Lake Erie, and still later, while employed on a small vessel going in and out of the same port, he wrote upon the framework of the cabin at odd moments. He often walked miles to borrow a book and retraced the distance on foot to return it promptly.

When he became a teacher himself, after overcoming many obstacles and hardships, he had little patience with the scholar that would waste his time, but he would stay hours after school to assist the willing pupils. The little log school thus became famous for the successful men and women who received their education under this great man. Spencer was born in 1800 and died in 1864. Besides being a penman and educator he was a poet.—American Boy.

The Elephant's Sense.

Why an elephant should be afraid of a mouse is a mystery. Some have doubted the generosity of the elephant because of his aversion to small animals, but none can doubt his intellect. Buffon, notwithstanding his idea of the mere mechanism of animals, spoke of the elephant as at the same time a "miracle of intelligence and a monster of matter." Ernest Menault happily referred to him as the animal that carried his nose in his hand; hence the marvelous intelligence of his trunk. The senses of touch and smell co-operate. The nerves which extend through his trunk are so numerous that they equal in number all those distributed over the rest of the body. The elephant can keep perfect time to music. He has the ear perfectly organized, and the hearing is extremely fine. The eye of the elephant is distinguished from that of other animals by the pathetic expression of sentiment. Take him all in all, naturalists agree that he is the most intelligent of animals. And why should he be afraid of a mouse?—Exchange.

Not For Him.

"Mean thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Newlywed. "It's just brutal of you to call it 'this stuff.' You said you'd be glad if I baked my own bread"—

"Yes, dear," replied the great brute, "but I didn't say I wanted you to bake mine."—Catholic Standard and Times.

They Often Do.

"The host is not dancing this dance."

"Neither is the hostess."

"They're quarreling it out," explained an observant guest.—Washington Herald.

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The SPORTING WORLD

Will Young Break Naps' Hoodoo?

Last year the Washington team was unquestionably the Cleveland hoodoo. The Senators more than any other club prevented Cleveland from winning the pennant. Cy Young was last year and always has been Washington's hoodoo. In 1908 he pitched six games against the Washington team and won them all. Is it possible that Cleveland has finally found a way to kill off the Washington hoodoo?

With Cy Young pitching for the Red Sox, Washington was the easiest kind

"OLD CY" YOUNG.

of a victim. In the six games Cy worked against the Senators they were able to make only thirty-five hits and six runs, an average scarcely six hits a game and one run. He also averaged nearly six strikeouts in all his clashes with Cantillon's team.

Outfielder Thoney's Bad Luck.

Johnny Thoney is practically the only cripple in the Boston American squad. His improvement is hardly noticeable, and his appearance in the lineup this season need hardly be looked for. While Lake and the others profess to feel that Thoney will come around all right, there is little chance now that the "bullet" will contribute his speed to the Sox stable this year. Lake says that Thoney will come, and Jack himself declares that he will be in the lineup. But neither of them makes that declaration with any degree of assurance. Thoney says that his arm is "better than it was last season." This is not saying much, and when you add to this the fact that he is under weight, weak and low spirited you can come pretty near making up your mind that one of the most expensive players ever purchased from a minor league and one of the most popular boys that ever donned a uniform will hardly be seen in the championship fight of 1909. Of course there is always a chance, but it looks like a 10 to 1 shot that Niles or Hooper, preferably Niles, will cover the scene of Thoney's performances of last year.

Middies to Row Harvard.

Arrangements for a race between Harvard and the Naval academy crews in the spring of 1910 have progressed so far that the crimson rowing authorities have already suggested a date for a regatta. It was hinted recently that anything but a friendly feeling existed between the two institutions, and the fact that they will not meet in a rowing regatta this year was one of the reasons why this rumor was circulated. Harvard could not row this year because it is her turn to send a crew to Ithaca for a race with Cornell.

Severance Back at Harvard.

After a long stay in California, where he was treated for inflammatory rheumatism, W. R. Severance of New Bedford, Mass., who was captain of the Harvard crew last fall and winter until failing health compelled him to resign, has returned to college and reported for crew practice. Severance is looking well and feels in much better shape than he did last fall. If his condition warrants it he may be put back in the varsity boat.

Champion Vaulter Quits Maroons.

Claire Jacobs, holder of the world's indoor pole vault record, and one of the bright stars on the University of Chicago track team, has left college and will never again compete in intercollegiate athletics. He has engaged in the boiler business with his brother at Muskegon, Mich. Jacobs holds the world's indoor pole vault record of 12 feet 3 inches and has vaulted 12 feet 4½ inches outdoors.

Poughkeepsie Track Quits.

The Hudson River (N. Y.) Driving Park association has resigned from the grand circuit meetings. The stewards had assigned the week of Aug. 23 to the Poughkeepsie track, and all claims to these dates have been relinquished by the association. Secretary Bain said that the 5 per cent tax levied by New York state would be too expensive. President Ruppert has closed the park to all trainers for the season.

Klendl, Columbia's Basket Ball Captain

The Columbia basket ball team recently elected Theodore Klendl, '10, captain of the five for the season 1909-10. Klendl played forward on the last two Columbia varsity teams and in both years led the team in number of points scored.

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The Eternal Thing.

By R. B. SHELTEN.

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The fishing was bad. Even the judge, who had whipped the pools along the Little Beaver for years, could not remember a day when the trout had ignored the tempting flies so persistently and annoyingly.

When they gathered on the bank of the stream for lunch—the judge, the bishop and the banker—the subject of fishing, after a few tart remarks by the judge and the banker which made the bishop elevate his eyebrows in mild reproof, was tactfully avoided.

So eager were they not to mention or even think of those miserable trout that they talked of everything, anything, and finally the conversation drifted into an uncharted channel.

"Romance," said the judge dictatorially, taking up a remark of the banker, "is dead. There is no room for it in this hustling age. It has gone the way of sentiment and old time courtesy and the gentlemen of the old school."

"Good riddance to it," said the banker lazily. "Let it go. It has given way to better things—good horse sense, for instance."

The bishop looked at the purling water. He was a gray haired man, with kindly eyes and the most winning smile. He was smiling now as he turned to the two men.

"You are both wrong," said he, with deep conviction. "Romance is eternal! You can't kill it with a club or with hustle. But, of course, you two would not admit it even if you saw it."

The judge bristled. The banker roused himself, and his pipe glowed like a blast furnace.

"Romance," growled the judge, with carefully unpleasant emphasis, "You

"IRREGULAR, MOST IRREGULAR," SAID THE BISHOP.

old cloistered dreamer, you want to rub elbows more with the world."

"Dollars and cents, dollars and cents," chanted the banker. "That's what the world is really after."

The bishop smiled with patient toleration. "Dear, dear, I'm glad I haven't the perspective of you two!" he said. "What a queer world you see through your black goggles! Romance! Why, that's what makes the world go round."

The banker and the judge exchanged knowing winks. They looked at the bishop with unconcealed pity.

"Speed up a bit and catch up with the procession," the banker advised.

"Perhaps you're the ones that are behind it," the bishop suggested, with a chuckle. "That reminds me," he continued. "Just twenty-five years ago, on this very spot, when I was a young minister, I was fishing here alone. You know Robert Harding, of course, you two," he interrupted himself—"fine, cynical beggar like you; never saw any romance in life and is all dollars and bustle, isn't he?"

"Well, so he is," growled the judge. "What's Robert Harding got to do with romance?"

"Oh, nothing much now, I suppose," laughed the bishop, "only it happens that twenty-five years ago there was a big camp of city people a few miles from here, and Robert Harding and May Fenelon were there with their parents. Those parents most unromantically had arranged unpleasing matches for those two, and they jumped into a canoe one morning and paddled down here and got me to marry them."

"Wouldn't have thought it was in him," said the banker. "Hello! Who's this?"

Down the stream came a canoe driven by the powerful strokes of the man at the paddle. In the bow was an attractive—a decidedly attractive—girl, who also essayed to paddle, but whose strokes really counted for little except as "moral support," as the bishop suggested chucklingly.

As soon as the man in the approaching canoe saw the little group on the bank he stopped paddling, looked sharply at the bishop and swung the craft to the bank.

"Are you Bishop Hale?" he asked excitedly.

"I am," the prelate admitted.

The young man turned quickly to the girl, who was flushing so beautifully that the judge and the banker forgot "hustle" and "dollars."

"What luck!" said the young man. "We were on our way to your camp! Sir, will you marry us?"

"Well, well," said the bishop. "Who are you, and what are you, and where did you come from, my eager young candidate?"

The young man smiled. "We're from the camp at the forks, just above here. This is an elopement, sir. We are running away from cruel parents—at any rate, they're bothering each of us to marry some one else, you know."

"Irregular, most irregular," said the bishop. "I have never married an eloping couple in my life except— However," he went on quickly, as he noted the blank expression of dismay on the two faces, "that doesn't argue that I may not not. Explain, if you please, very briefly, the circumstances that have fathered you to—er—to take this step."

"A man with money and lots of power in his father's business," replied the young man, "which explains the young lady's position. As for mine, a very wealthy young woman whom my obstinate father prefers merely because he has so determined."

"I see," said the bishop. "You didn't tell me your name."

"Robert Harding," said the man in the canoe.

The judge and the banker both uttered a shout. "Did you croak?" asked the bishop sweetly, turning to them. Then he turned to the girl. "Do you fully realize the import of this step?" asked he.

"Indeed I do," said she. "If you'll please"— She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder in the direction from which they had just come.

The bishop's face was determined.

"Land!" he commanded. As the canoe shot to the bank it was the bishop himself who helped the girl out.

"Stand here—a—beneath this fir," he instructed. "Now, Will," he went on, turning to the judge and the banker, "you two take your places here on the right. I haven't a prayer book with me, but I think I can go through the service with no omissions. You have no ring? Now, let me have that ring of yours. If it's too large," he told the girl, smiling, "you can wrap it with a bit of string."

Through the still forest sounded the deep tones of the bishop's splendid voice. And all through that service there was a look of triumph in the bishop's face, and that look was directed at the wondering judge and the equally astonished banker.

* * * * * * * *

The bishop, the judge and the banker, in the order named, had each kissed the bride. The canoe, with the young man bending to the paddle and the girl in the bow, had departed downstream, bombarded by pine needles, which the judge and the banker threw prodigally in lieu of rice.

It was only when Pierre, the head guide, touched the judge on the shoulder and declared they must certainly be starting if they wished to get downstream that night that the three men filed silently toward their forgotten canoes.

"Well," laughed the bishop, "for a saintly, cloistered, out of touch with the world dreamer I seem to have made a pretty fair guess about this romance business. Who's behind the procession, Will? Just tell me that, if you please."

The banker grunted.

"Buck up, Baptiste," urged the judge to the guide in his canoe. "I suppose I must admit that romance got somewhat of a lease of life just now, but I don't care to encounter the irate parents that will be on its trail."

"Not a bad idea to keep in the dark for a bit," the bishop chuckled and added to the guide, "A little more steam, Jean."

The Watch of Wren's Sweetheart.

The betrothed of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's cathedral, accidentally dropped her watch into a bucket of water. Knowing that her lover was an ingenious man, she sent it to him to be repaired. Wren's reply ran as follows: "Madam—The artificer, having never before met with a drowned Watch, like an ignorant Physician has been soe long about the cure that he hath made me very unquiet that your commands should be soe long deferred. However, I have sent the watch at last and envie the felicity of it, that it should be soe neer your side and soe often enjoy your Eye and be consulted by you how your Time shall pass while you employ your hands in excellent workes. But have a care of it, for I put such a Spell into it that every Beating of the Balance will tell you 'tis the pulse of my Heart which labors as much to serve you and more Trewly than the watch, for the watch I believe will sometimes lie, and sometimes perhaps be idle and unwilling to goe, having received so much injury by being in that bath that I dispair it should ever be a Trew Servant to you more. But as for me, unless you drown me too in my Teares—you may be confident I shall never cease to be your most affectionate, humble servant, Chr. Wren."

The Lesser Evil.

"So you believe in the duel?"

"I do," answered the resident in a somewhat impetuous community.

"Don't you know that the duel is a relic of barbarism?"

"I don't care. It's a heap safer than being shot at from behind a tree box."—Washington Star.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy
State Treasurer—John O. Sheats
Auditor General—Robert R. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
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Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Aiken, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Coroner—R. R. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hagen, Smethport.

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Constable—C. B. Foote.
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Collector—H. G. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WADE BUNDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 323, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 447, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m. in the Odd Fellow's Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Miss D. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. CORNHOUSE, Pres.
JESSIE EDENBACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mrs. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Mrs. ELLA MOONEYHORN, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

Etc. THOSE, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. on one Sunday, and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THE BEST MAN
by HAROLD MACGRATH
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WELL
AUTHOR OF THE MAN ON THE BOX; HEARTS AND MASKS
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CHAPTER I.

Carrington folded the document and thoughtfully balanced it on his palm. What an ironical old world it was! There was a perpendicular wrinkle about his nose, and his lips had thinned into a mere line which drooped at the corners. The drone of a typewriter in the adjoining room sounded above the rattle-rattle of the street below. Through the open windows came a vague breath of summer redolent of flowers and grasses; for it was but eleven o'clock of the morning, and the smell of sun-baked brick and asphalt had not yet risen through the air. Far beyond the smoking, ragged sky-line Carrington could see the shifting, glittering river and the great ships going down to the sea. Presently the ashes from his dead cigar fell in a gray ensemble down his coat and tumbled across his knees, but he gave no heed.

Ironical old world, indeed! Here, suddenly and unexpectedly, he found himself upon the battlefield of love and duty, where all honest men find themselves, sooner or later. To pit the heart against the conscience, impulse against calculation! Heigh-ho! Duty is an implacable goddess, and those who serve her most loyally are most ruthlessly driven. She buffets us into this corner and into that, dispitfalls for the hesitant foot, and crushes the vacillating.

As all men will, Carrington set about to argue down his conscience; the heart is so insistent a counselor. Why should he give up the woman he loved, simply because duty demanded he should? After all, was not duty merely social obligation? What was it to him that the sheep were sheared? Was it right that he, of all men, should divide the house, throw the black pall of dishonesty over it, destroy his own happiness and hers, when so simple a thing as a match would crumble into pothlinness this monument to one man's greed and selfishness? The survival of the fittest; if he put aside Self, who would thank him? Few, and many would call him a fool as a meddler. So many voices spoke that he seemed to hear none distinctly.

He alone had made these astonishing discoveries; he alone had followed the cunningly hidden trail of the serpent. He could stop where he was and none would be the wiser. To be sure, it was only a question of time when the scandal would become public through other channels; but in that event he would not be held responsible for bringing about the catastrophe. Besides, the ways of the Serpent are devious and many, and other investigators might not come so close to the trail.

He had gone about his investigations without the least idea where they would lead him. At the beginning he had believed that the guilty ones were none higher than petty officials; but presently he found himself going over their heads, higher and higher, until, behold! he was at the lair of the old serpent himself. A client had carelessly dropped a bit of information, and it had taken seed with this surprising result. Henry Cavenaugh, millionaire promoter, financier, trust magnate, director in a hundred money-gathering concerns; Henry Cavenaugh, the father of the girl he loved and who loved him! Could it be he, indeed? It seemed incredible.

It was not a case of misappropriation of funds, such as a man may be guilty of when temporarily hard pressed. It was a bold and fraudulent passing of dividends that rightfully belonged to the investors; of wrongfully issuing statements of bolstered expenses, lack of markets, long strikes, (promoted by Cavenaugh and his associates!), insufficient means of transportation. An annual dividend of seven per cent. of many millions that had been dishonestly passed over. The reports that there would be no dividends encouraged a slump in the listed price of the stock, and many had sold under par value, thereby netting to Cavenaugh and others several millions. And the proof of all this lay in his hand!

It had been a keen hunt. Many and many a blind trail had he followed, only to come back to the start again. All that now remained for him to do was to pass this document on to the hands of the intrepid district attorney, and justice would be meted out to the guilty.

Her father! The picture of him rose suddenly and distinctly in his mind. Tall, powerfully built, a hooked nose, keen blue eyes, an aggressive chin, a repellent mouth, Henry Cavenaugh was the personification of the modern Croesus. Immutable in purpose, dogged in perseverance, a relentless enemy, a Jesuit in that the end always justified the means, he stood a pillar in the world of finance, where there is sometimes justice, but never any mercy. Thirty-five years before he had been a messenger in a stock-broker's office. Of his antecedents nothing was known until he broke one of the famous gold corners in the seventies, when a handsome, ruddy-cheeked little Irishman bobbed up serenely from nowhere in particular and claimed to be the great Cavenaugh's father. But his proofs were not convincing, and when the son showed a decided contempt for him, he gently subsided into oblivion and was heard of no more. From time to time Carrington gathered a small crumb of information regarding his sweetheart's grandfather; but whenever he broached the subject, however tactfully, everybody concerned headed the conversation for a different port.

Carrington had never laid eyes on the old gentleman, and, for all he knew to the contrary, he might be a myth. He reasoned that in all probability the grandfather was illiterate, uncouth, and rather an awkward piece of family furniture to handle, when the family proper were ingratiating themselves into the Chippendales of society. Unfortunately, Mother Cavenaugh, good-hearted and amiable in her way, had been stung by the bee of the climbers, and her one ambition was to establish herself and daughters in society; and had not he, Carrington, come of an aristocratic family (poor, it is true), the doors of the Cavenaugh manor would never have opened to his knock. Even as it was, he was persona non grata to the millionaire, who was mad for a duke in the family. Reckless Calvenaugh had his suspicions of any man yet who grubbed outside the breastworks.

Some doves circled above a church-steeple a few streets over the way, breaking the sunbeams against their polished wings. Finally they settled on the slate roof and fell to strutting and waddling and swelling their breasts pompously. Carrington opened and refolded the document, but he did not take his eyes from the doves. What should he do? What ill wind had blown this thing into his doorway? Nothing had warned him of the impending tangle. Until two days ago Cavenaugh was at the other end of the world, so far as his investigations at that time were concerned.

He struck a match. The sliver of pine flared palely in the sunshine, writhed, and dropped, black and charred, to the floor. He shrugged his shoulders. Chivalry of this sort was not the order of the day. There was something stronger than the voice of duty, something stronger than the voice of the heart; it was the voice of pity, which urged its appeal for the hundreds of men and women who had invested their all in the Cavenaugh concerns. The thought of their ultimate ruin, should Cavenaugh be permitted to pursue his course unchecked, bore heavily upon him. No, he could not do it. He must fight, even if he lost his all in the battle. It is a fine thing to right a wrong. All the great victories in the world have been won for others than the victors. That Cavenaugh was the father of the girl he loved must have no weight on the scales of justice.

Resolutely he thrust the document into his coat pocket, closed his desk and relighted his cigar. In that moment he had mapped out his plan of action. That very night he would

Resolutely He Thrust the Document into His Pocket.

lay the whole thing very clearly before the girl herself, and whatever decision she made, he would stand or fall by it, for he knew her to be the soul of honor.

Poor girl! It was a heart-breaking business. How in the world should he begin, and where should he stop? Ah, that was it! He would lay the matter before her in a manner that would conceal the vital nearness of the case, as if it were some client of his who was unknown to her. And when she judged the case, he would speak the bald truth. It would be a cruel blow, but nevertheless he must deal it. She loved her father, and after his own peculiar fashion her father loved her. She was the only one in the family who could wheedle him out of a purpose; to the rest of the family his word was law immutable. It was very hard, sighed Carrington.

For the father he had neither pity nor sympathy; there were many ugly tales about his financial dealings; but his whole heart went out unreservedly to the girl.

When Carrington had gone to Cavenaugh, his heart in his throat, to speak to him relative to his daughter's hand, he unwittingly knocked off the top of a volcano.

"Marry my daughter?" Cavenaugh roared, emphasizing his wrath and disapproval with a bang of fist upon palm. "My daughter shall marry only among her equals, not among her inferiors. A king is not good enough for my Kate." There was another bang of the fist, decided and final. "A lawyer? Not if I know myself. I wouldn't trust a lawyer out of sight," bluntly. "Kate shall marry a duke or a prince, if I can find one suitable."

Carrington would have smiled had the moment been less serious.

"No man can possibly appreciate her worth more readily than I, sir," he replied, "or love her more dearly."

"Love?" with a snort. "Twaddle out of story-books!"

"But you yourself love her."

"I'm her father," Cavenaugh returned complacently, adding a gesture which had the effect of describing the fact that it was perfectly logical for a father to love his daughter, but that it wasn't logical at all for any other male biped to love her.

"I am sorry," said the disheartened suitor, rising. "I suppose that after this unpleasant interview—"

"Oh, you're a decent sort," interrupted Cavenaugh generously; "and if you are of a mind to behave yourself hereafter, you will always find a chair at my table. But my daughter is not for you, sir, emphatically not. That is all, sir," and Cavenaugh inoked up his evening paper.

After such a rebuff, most young men would have given up, but Carrington never gave up till there was no possibility of winning. Immediately after the interview he went to the higher court with his appeal.

"Let us have patience," the girl whispered. "I'll undertake to bring him to reason."

But Carrington went home night without his love for [illegible]

And so the matter stood at the present time. The affair had gone neither forward nor backward.

Ah, were he less honest, how easily he could bring the old curmudgeon to terms! There was that in his pocket which would open the way to the affair quickly enough. But Carrington was manly and honest to the core, and to him blackmail stood among the basest of crimes. Many times during the past 48 hours the tempter had whispered in his ear that here was a way out of his difficulties; but the young man had listened unmoved.

During the summer and autumn months of the year the Cavenaughs lived at their country place over in New Jersey, and there Carrington spent the week-ends. There were horses to ride, golf and tennis and a Saturday night dance at the Country club. To be with the girl you love, even if you can't have her, is some compensation. Cavenaugh never joined the fetes and sports of the summer colonists, but he offered no objections to the feminine members of his house, held for selecting Carrington as their escort for the week-ends. Indeed, by now he began to consider Carrington as a harmless, sensible, well-groomed young man, who talked of all the political duties to the frivolous. If the colonists insisted on coupling his daughter's name with Carrington's, let them do so; when the proper moment came he would disillusionize them. For himself, he always had some good old ersatz down to willie-away the dull Sundays; and together they consummated plans that gave the coup de grace to many a noble business saloon. This particular summer there were no dukes or princes floating around unattached, and Cavenaugh served that it was a commendable time to lay devices by which to garnish the winter money.

There were nights when Cavenaugh did not sleep very well; but of this, more anon.

Shortly after his determination to tell Kate half a truth, Carrington left the office and made an early train into New Jersey. All the way over to the Cavenaugh station he was restless and uneasy. The fatal papers still reposed in his pocket. He had not dared to leave them in the office safe; his partner, who had had no hand in the investigation, might stumble across them, and that was the last thing in the world he desired. He knew not exactly what to do with them; for they burned like fire in his pocket, and seemed to scorch his fingers whenever he touched them to learn if they were still there. A thousand and one absurd suppositions assailed him. Supposing, for instance, there should be a wreck; supposing he should be robbed; supposing he should leave his vest on the links; and so forth and so forth. It was very depressing. If only he stood in the open, unhandicapped; if only he might throw the gauntlet at Cavenaugh's feet the moment they met!

Ah, if he had only attended to his own affairs! But he hadn't; and his inquisitiveness had plunged him into a Chinese tangle from which there seemed to be no exit. But there was an exit; only, if at that moment Cassandra had whispered the secret into his ear, it would have appealed to him as the most improbable thing under the sun. However, there are no trustworthy Cassandras these sordid days; a single look into the future costs a dollar; and as for Greek choruses, they trundle push-carts on the East side.

He had broken bread and eaten salt at Cavenaugh's table and now it was decreed that he must betray him. It was not a pleasant thought. And still less pleasant was the thought of telling Kate (in a roundabout fashion, it is true) that her father was not an honest man. According to financial ethics, what Cavenaugh did was simply keen business instinct; nothing more. If you or I should happen to bend an odd cornice of the majestic pillar of law we'd be haled off to the county jail forthwith; but if we possessed the skill to smash the whole fabric, or, rather, to continue the metaphor, the whole pillar, the great world would sit up and admire us. What are old laws for, anyhow? Build you never so wisely your law, there will always be some one to come along and tack on a nice little amendment, subtly undoing in a moment what it took years of labor to accomplish. In this instance Cavenaugh had been careless; he had forgotten to introduce his amendment. An infinitesimal grain of sand will stop the best regulated clock. The infallible invari-

Was Simply and Tastefully Dressed in White.

ably dig on the heels of their first victory.

On leaving the train, Carrington espied the Cavenaugh station carriage. The coachman was talking to a little wiry old man, whose shiny eyes twinkled and whose complexion was mottled and withered like a windfall apple. Seeing Carrington draw nigh, the coachman touched his hat respectfully, while the little old man, who was rather shabbily dressed, stepped quickly around the corner of the platform. Evidently he did not wish to be inspected at close range. Carrington threw his suit-case and golf-bag into the carriage, and followed them. Thereupon the coachman touched the horses lightly, and they started westward at a brisk trot.

"Who's your friend?" asked Carrington, who, though never familiar, was always friendly toward his inferiors.

"He's no friend of mine, sir," answered the coachman, with well-bred contempt. "Miss Cavenaugh directed me to drive you straight to the club, sir."

"Very well," replied Carrington, lighting a cigar and settling back among the cushions.

Immediately he forgot all about the shabby old man and began to lay out his troubles. He never took the papers out of his pocket. All the evidence he had, together with the names of the witnesses, was on his person; for in making the whole he had practically destroyed the numerous scraps. If this document fell into alien hands, the trouble would double itself. He pulled quickly, and the hoof of the cigar put a snarl on his tongue. He had nothing to do but wait.

On the steps of the club's portecochere he was greeted by Miss Cavenaugh, who was simply and tastefully dressed in white. If there was a sudden cardiac disturbance in Carrington's breast, the girl's tender beauty certainly justified it. The fresh color on her cheeks and lips, the shining black hair that arched a white forehead, the darkly fringed blue eyes, the slender, rounded figure, the small feet and shapely hands, all combined to produce a picture of feminine loveliness warranted to charm any masculine eye. Let the curious question Cavenaugh's antecedents, if they were so inclined, thought Carrington; here was abundant evidence of what a certain old poet called the splendid corpuscle of aristocracy.

Her sister went by the sonorous name of Norah. She was 17, a bit of a tomboy, but of the same build and elegant carriage that distinguished Kate from ordinary mortals; only Norah's eyes were hazel-tinted and her hair was that warm brown of the heart of a chestnut bur. She was of merry temperament, quick to like or to dislike, and, like her sister, loyal to those she loved. Both girls possessed that uncommon gift in women, the perfect sense of justice. You never heard them gossiping about anybody; and when a veranda conversation drifted toward scandal, the Cavenaugh girls invariably drifted toward the farther end of the veranda. All the men admired them; they were such good fellows.

The mother of the girls was, as I have remarked, good-natured and amiable, inclined toward stoutness, and a willing listener to all that was going on. She considered it her bounden duty to keep informed regarding the doings of her intimate friends, but with total lack of malice. At this moment she occupied her favorite corner on the club veranda, and was engaged in animated tittle-tattle. She nodded and smiled at Carrington.

Norah was playing tennis. She waved her racket at the new arrival. Carrington was her beau-ideal.

He hurried into the dressing room and shortly returned in his golf flannels. He was a sturdy chap, not at all handsome, but possessing a countenance full of strong lines. He inspired your trust and confidence, which is far better than inspiring your admiration.

"I am not going to play to-day," said Kate, "so I'll follow over the course and watch you play. I haven't seen you for a whole week; and I can't talk and play, too," smiling.

"Forward, then!" cried Carrington, beckoning to his caddy.

He played a nervous, fidgety game that afternoon. Every time he teed his ball the document spoke from his pocket with an ominous crackle. There was not one brilliant stroke to his credit. This puzzled the girl, for only the previous week he had been runner-up in the annual tournament for crack amateurs. He made the ninth hole indifferently, then turned to the girl, smiling whimsically.

"You are not playing up to your form to-day, John," she observed.

"I admit it," he replied, tossing his club to the caddy, who, well versed in worldly affairs, serenely shouldered the bag and made off toward the clubhouse. "My heart isn't in the game, Kate. The fact is, I'm in a peck of trouble." He determined to tell her at once. There might not be another opportunity like this.

"Why, John!" reproachfully.

"Oh, it came only yesterday. I haven't been hiding it. I'm in a kind of pocket, and can't exactly see my way out. I want your advice; and you must be the jury and judge rolled into one."

They were standing on a hill, and far away they could see the pale line where the shimmering summer sea met the turquoise bowl of heaven.

"Tell me what your difficulty is, John, and I will judge it the best I know how."

He never knew what a simple, beautiful name John was till it fell from the lips of this girl. Many called him Jack, but only his mother and this girl called him John. He motioned toward the sandbox, and they sat down. The other players were well scattered about, out of hearing. He made his case skillfully enough, giving his plaintiff and defendant fictitious names. The thing grew so real to him, as he went on, that toward the end he rose to the dramatics. The girl listened, but with never a glance at him. Rather her gaze roved over the dancing sea waters and followed the lonely white sail that stood out to sea. And when he reached the climax, silence of some duration fell upon them.

"Should this man be punished?" he asked at length.

"He is guilty; he has broken two laws, the civic and human. Oh, the poor people!" pathetically. "They are never at peace; the wolf harries them, and the jackal, the rare robber, hunts on and spurns. They are like sheep, not knowing how to fight. They arrest a man for his poverty; they applaud him for his greed. It is all very wrong."

The sail fell under the shadow of a cloud, and they both watched it till it flashed into the sunlight again.

"A woman's intuition is sometimes abnormally keen. You are strong enough to fight such things without the advice of a woman. Is there not something vital to me in all this? Is it not—is it not my father, John?"

CHAPTER II.

Carrington faced her swiftly. He had not expected this. There was something in her handsome eyes that barred the way to subterfuge. The life died unspoken, and he dropped his gaze and began to dig up the turf with the toe of his shoe.

"Is it my father, John?"

"Yes. Oh, Kate!" with a despairing gesture, "I'm the most miserable fellow alive! To think that this should fall into my hands, of all hands in the world!"

"Perhaps it is better so," quietly. "Nothing is without purpose. It might have come to test your honesty. But you are sure, John; it is not guesswork?"

"All the evidence is in my pocket. Say the word, and the wind shall carry it down to the sea. Say the word, heart o' mine!"

He made a quick movement toward his pocket, but she caught his arm.

"Do nothing foolish or hasty, John. Tearing up the evidence would not undo what is done. Sooner or later murder will out. If my father is culpable, if in his thoughtless greed for money he has robbed the poor, he must be made to restore what he has taken. I know my father; what he has done appears perfectly legitimate to him. Can he be put in prison?"

"It all depends upon how well he defends himself," evasively.

She went on. "I have been dreading something like this; so it is no great surprise to me. He is money-mad, money-mad; and he hears, sees, thinks nothing but money. But it hurts, John; I am a proud woman. My grandfather—" Her lips shut suddenly. "Money!" with a passionate wave of the hand. "How I hate the name of it, the sound of it, the thought of it! I love my father," with a defiant pride; "he has always been tender and kind to me; and I should not be of his flesh and blood had I not the desire to shield and protect him."

"The remedy is simple and close at hand," suggested Carrington, gently.

"Simple, but worthy of neither of us. I abhor anything that is not wholly honest. It is one of those strange freaks of nature (who holds herself accountable to no one) to give to me honesty that is the sum total of what should have been evenly distributed among my ancestors. If I were to tell all I know, all I have kept locked in my heart—"

"Don't do it, girl; it wouldn't matter in the least. You are you; and that is all there is to love. Why, I could not love you less if your great-great-grandfather was a pirate," lightly. "Love asks no questions; and ancestors worry me not at all; they are all comfortably dead."

"Not always. But if my perception of honor were less keen, I should laugh at what you call your evidence."

"Laugh?"

"Yes, indeed. I very well understand the tremendous power of money."

"Not more than I," sadly.

She laughed brokenly. "More than you. I can picture to you just what will happen." She rose. "There will, of course, be a great newspaper clamor; the interstate commissioners will put their heads together; there will be investigations by the government. That will be the attack. The keenest lawyers are on the side of corporations; that is because the state is niggard with her pay. Let me outline the defense. Father will resign from his high office, to be re-elected later when the public cools off. A new directorate will fill the place of the present one. Suddenly falsified entries will be discovered; the head bookkeeper will have disappeared. All fingers will point to him. He will be in South America, having been paid several thousand to go there. All this will make the passing of the dividend perfectly logical. The matter will never be tried in court. Money will do all this."

"My dear little woman, you reason like Pythagoras; but," Carrington added, gravely, "when I undertook to untangle this skein, I realized its huge proportions. For every redoubt your father has, I have an assault, for every wall a catapult, for every gate a petard. But, as I said before, you have only to say the word, and for the present nobody will be any the wiser."

"If I permitted you to do this, I should destroy my faith in both of us. It would erect a barrier which would be insurmountable. That is not the way out."

"I have worked all these things," discouragedly.

He took the document from his pocket and caught it in a way that indicated how easily it might be ripped into halves, the halves into quarters, the quarters into infinitesimal squares of meaningless letters.

"Once more, shall I, Kate?"

"No, John. That would only make our difficulties greater. But I do ask this one favor; put your evidence into the hands of a strange attorney, have nothing to do with the prosecution; for my sake."

"I must have the night to think it over. Most of my attacks are not worth written; I dared keep them only in my head."

"I am very unhappy," said the girl.

He took her hand and kissed it reverently. He longed to console her, but no words he had in mind seemed adequate.

"Fore!" came lazily over the knoll. They were no longer alone. Go to-

"Tearing Up the Evidence Would Not Undo What Is Done."

gether they wandered slowly back to the clubhouse. Tea was being served, and Carrington drank his abstractedly. From time to time he joined the conversation, but without any heart. Some of the busier ladies whispered that it looked this time as though Kate had given the young man his conge.

On the way home Norah, with her humorous comment on the weekly budget of gossip, saved the situation from any possible contretemps. Mrs. Cavenaugh was easy-going, but for all that she possessed remarkably observant eyes; and her eldest daughter was glad that they were occupied elsewhere.

Kate was very unhappy; her father was not honest, and the man she loved had come into the knowledge of the fact. Ah, how quickly shadow can darken sunshine!

"What did you make it in to-day, Mr. Carrington?" asked Norah.

"Make what?" he counter-questioned, absently.

"The course, Mr. Goose! What did you think I meant?"

"Oh," lamely, "I made a bad play at the beginning and gave it up."

By this time they had arrived at the gates, and everybody was thankful; Mrs. Cavenaugh, because her nose smarted with sunburn; Norah, because the gown she was to wear at the dance that night was new; Kate, because she wanted to be alone; and Carrington, because he wanted to learn whether the angel threw Jacob or Jacob threw the angel. The driver and the horses were glad to arrive because they were hungry.

(To be Continued.)

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PEOPLE OF THE DAY

A South Dakota Statesman.

Conspicuous among the new senators who have just taken seats in the upper house is Coe. I. Crawford of South Dakota, successor to Alfred B. Kittredge. Last year, while occupying the gubernatorial chair, Mr. Crawford won out in the primary elections. In 1906 he was elected governor on a platform declaring for a primary election law and regulation of corporations. Under his initiative the South Dakota legislature of 1907 passed an anti-lobby law, anti-pass law and several other acts affecting railways.

Senator Crawford is a native of Iowa and a graduate of the law department of the University of Iowa. In 1883 he removed to Pierre, S. D., which is still his home. He was successively a state attorney, member of the lower house of the state legisla-

COE I. CRAWFORD.

ture, state senator and attorney general. At the national Republican convention in Chicago last year he was a member of the resolutions committee and figured in the contest over the adoption of the platform.

Hall Caine's Secretary.

Hall Caine is preparing for another visit to this country, and this time he will be accompanied by his wife. The Manxman takes pride in averring that he owes much of his success to Mrs. Caine, who acts not only as his secretary, but as his literary adviser. Mrs. Caine is a soft voiced woman, who cares little for society, yet who dominates social affairs in the Isle of Man. Once a year she goes to London and entertains a little there, her taste running to literary and artistic persons. She has seen her husband rise from obscurity to no small measure of fame and from comparative poverty to wealth. Many times Caine has sought to have her resign the duties of secretary, but she still attends to all his correspondence and turns out his manuscripts on the typewriter. She never courts attention, preferring to stand reflected in the light of her husband and, it is said, consented to come to America with him only on the condition that she shall not be put to any social exactions.

New Head of Republican Committee.

Former Governor John F. Hill of Maine, who became acting chairman of the national Republican committee when Frank H. Hitchcock retired, was one of the most important factors in New England in the campaign which led up to the nomination of President Taft. He has long been identified with New England politics and for many years has been an intimate friend of Mr. Hitchcock.

Dr. Hill was chosen governor of the Pine Tree State in 1909. He lives in

JOHN F. HILL.

Augusta and previous to his election as governor had served as representative and senator in the legislature. Though Dr. Hill is a graduate of the Bowdoin Medical school, he has devoted little time to the practice of medicine. Since associating himself with the publishing firm of Vickery & Hill he has given his time and energy to its affairs. He has other large interests as well, and his share in the electric railroad development of the state has added largely to his income. Besides, he is a director and trustee of several financial institutions and is a large real estate owner. The home of Mr. Hill in Augusta is one of the finest in the state and cost about $400,000.

Patching Wall Paper.

When pasting a piece of new wall paper over the old the best way is to tear the top of it roughly instead of cutting it straight across. The patch is then hardly noticeable, as it works into the pattern on the wall. If done the other way the new piece is always seen.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Turnip Pudding.

Wash and peel two large turnips and scrape the same weight of carrots. Cut into slices and throw into boiling water with a little salt; boil until tender. Then rub them through a sieve. Add pepper, salt, paprika, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a pinch of sugar.

When well mixed and smooth add two well beaten eggs and one heaping tablespoonful of fine white bread crumbs. Pour into a well buttered mold, cover with buttered paper and stand in boiling water in a baking tin.

Cook in a moderate oven for one hour. Turn out and garnish round with hot mashed potatoes or with boiled beans that have been fried in a little hot butter. Serve hot with white sauce.

A Darning Bag.

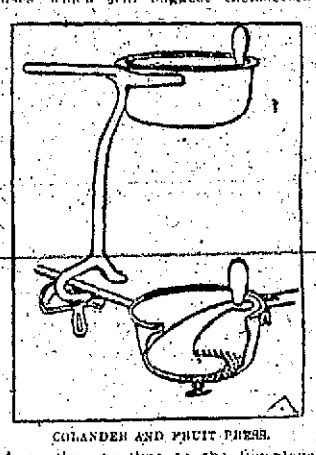
An easily made workbag—an excellent darning bag—has cretonne for a body part and a hoop handle. The hoop is one of the eight or ten inch embroidery rings wound with plain colored ribbon. Over this hoop the sides of the cretonne piece are shirred, while the ends are left perfectly loose. After the bag is finished these ends are looped once or twice to the handle. As a rule, the cretonne is sewed up at the ends and left to hang straight there. This makes a variation.

To Salt Fish.

Split the fish down the back to the tail and clean thoroughly, taking care to remove all scales. Lay, with the open side of the fish uppmost, in a fish keg. Make a brine so strong that it will float a potato, pour this over the fish and put a weight on it to hold the fish under water. Set in a cool place. When ready to use lift out the fish and soak in clear water, changing this every few hours until fresh enough.

Handy Kitchen Utensil.

A new piece of kitchen furniture has recently been invented and is being shown which combines the functions of the fruit press and colander, with which it will be found possible to greatly simplify many of the culinary tasks. It is designed for the removal of seeds and skins from grapes, tomatoes and apples, dieing potatoes, extracting juices from fruit, smoothing laundry starch and a hundred other uses which will suggest themselves



COLANDER AND FRUIT PRESS.

from time to time to the ingenious housekeeper and servant. The device is mounted on a tinned malleable iron standard, which is provided with clamps by which it is firmly attached to the table with a single motion of the lock lever. The broken view shows the interior of the receptacle and the spiral blade which operates as a press, the pressure being regulated by the tension spring. The bowl of the colander is of steel.

All Right.

"That girl's all right," said the blond girl in the dressing room after she had looked everywhere for her overshoes. "The one who has just left, she's gone off with both the right overshoes and left me the left ones."—New York Times.

A Paying Garden.

"No money in gardening? Why, I know a man who cleared $30,000 last summer from less than an acre."

"Impossible! Utterly absurd!"

"Not at all. You see, it was a roof garden."—Boston Transcript.

Report of the Condition

OF

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK OF McKEAN COUNTY, AT SMETHPORT, IN THE STATE OF PENNA., AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, APR. 28, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts		$ 231069 05
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		581 78
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		5331 25
Bonds, securities, etc.		11486 00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures		25009 24
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)		70 00
Due from approved Reserve Agents		29217 10
Checks and other Cash Items		863 05
Exchanges for Clearing House		791 87
Notes of other National Banks		4920 00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents		315 82
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	4271 70	
Legal-tender notes	11846 00	16117 70
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 of circulation)		4500 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer		2000 00
		$483112 22

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$ 100000 00
Surplus fund	11500 00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	5550 32
National Bank Notes outstanding	100000 00
Dividends unpaid	20 00
Individual deposits subject to check	260475 53
Certified Checks	588 83
Cashier's Checks outstanding	168 04
Notes and Bills rediscounted	15000 00
	$483112 22

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF McKEAN. }

I, J. W. Lee, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. W. LEE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of May, 1909.

E. R. MAYO, Notary Public.

Notarial seal.
My commission expires January 20th, 1911.
Correct—Attest:

D. C. YOUNG,
A. R. ARMSTRONG,
JOHN N. APTER,
Directors.

In This Issue

Appears the opening installment of a strong and vigorous story that deals with real life of the present day, entitled:

The Best Man

By Harold MacGrath

It is brimful of incidents of heart interest and one of the best products of this well known author.
Following this story we will print

Two Candidates

From the pen of the same popular author. Both of these stories are written in the brisk, narrative style that has made the name of Harold MacGrath famous throughout the literary world.

Read these stories and you will agree with us that it is time well spent. The opening installment appears——————IN THIS ISSUE.

A Proclamation

It is hereby announced for the benefit of every person in this community that there will appear in this paper two of the brightest and cleverest stories ever written by that popular author

HAROLD MacGRATH

entitled

The Best Man

A charming tale for lovers of romance and humor, and

Two Candidates

Being a short story of love and politics.

Watch these columns for the opening installment which will be printed in the near future.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo for free report as to patentability. Free advice how to obtain patents. Trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington, no agents' fees, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 623 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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A Medal of Blood.

Garibaldi was once presented with a medal made of his own blood. The giver was Dr. Manini of Naples, who was well known as a petrifier and preserver of the human body. Dr. Manini in offering his gift to Garibaldi said that whenever the general looked at it it would brace him up for the last fight, and across the medal were engraved the words, "The Blood of Garibaldi is Forever Red." The strange medal is preserved by the general's descendants.

An Eye to Business.

"Bigsbee is a terribly melodramatic fellow, isn't he? He said he'd drain his heart's blood for the woman he loved. Do you think he meant it?"

"Why, I guess so. Bigsbee is agent for a drain and sewer pipe concern."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Best Way.

Old Ben Franklin was about the wisest product this country ever produced, and he never said anything much better than that the best way to find money is to earn it.—Atchison Globe.

An Early Riser.

"Are you an early riser, Pat?"

"Am I? Sure, I'm sich an early riser, sor, that I'm afeared some time I'll ketch mesilf gittin' up when I'm goin' to bed!"—Yonkers Statesman.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want, bring it back and get the money.

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is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

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Canned Goods of the best quality

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DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
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For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

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